SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING MAY 19, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 23.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK.

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A TRIP TO HOBOKEN.

Constitutes a very material part of a "*Life in New-York*," especially at this season of the year. We should feel ourselves negligent of our duty, did we omit to recommend this delightful excursion to every one, who experiencing the enervating influence of spring, desires to shake off this "hag of lethargy," and give the sluggish movement of his blood, a livelier and quicker current. Your foot is no sooner on the "Jersey shore," than you experience to your very fingers ends a renewed action of the heart,—your spirits bound within you. This exhilaration of soul gives to every object a garment of beauty, and nature in her gayest mood and brightest attire beckons you to her revels.

The keen sagacity of the owners of these delightful grounds has taught them that nature alone, however beautiful, will not attract the busy world from scenes of care, unless there be mingled with her magic power, amusements to divert and pleasures to charm those less alive to her seductive attractions.

To fulfil this essential object, the proprietors have erected saloons, fitted up with every variety of confectionary, wines and *liqueurs*. Billiard rooms catching every breeze of Heaven. Miniature rail roads on which any wight may stretch his muscles to his heart's content. Enchanting walks that carry you over the most attractive portions of the grounds, and terminating in "Elysium," as one of the very tasty saloons is called.

The correct deportment that distinguishes the visitors of this fairy spot, entitle it to the consideration of all, and makes it a fitting pleasure ground for "the fairer portion of creation." Here they—the ladies,—can realize their wildest dreams of country scenes, and luxuriate in the palmy sweetness of blossoms, amid the mellowed richness of flower and leaf, and tree and shrub.

Who then can shun this spot of green earth? Go over to Hoboken, and our word for it you will return enchanted, revived and happy.

Rowing Clubs.—It is understood that a club will be formed this season, of gentlemen fond of aquatic amusements, for the purpose of making improvements in the construction and management of sail boats. There is probably no more delightful amusement, nor more healthy exercise known, than is to be found in well conducted boats in our harbor—it has the advantage, too, of being the cheapest of all kinds of recreation. Several gentlemen of taste and wealth have for several years liberally patronized boat builders, and have found their reward in health and pleasure; and Mr. Salmon, a distinguished artist, has introduced a high degree of skill in the rigging and management of boats, which have met with universal approbation. For a very small sum of money, a person who is confined to labor in the close streets of the city, may go out upon cool waters and enjoy the fresh air, finding amusement in the various evolutions of his well trimmed craft, or draw up the scaly treasures of the deep, and making at the same time, just as much exercise, throughout the whole as may suit his constitution or habits. That the project may be prosecuted in earnest and with complete success will be the wish of all who have ever participated in the benefits of marine excursions, and especially of all who know the exquisite skill and pleasure produced by the boat clubs of England, whose Regattas are patronised by Royalty itself, where kings are officers and nobles members, and the elite of society are proud to participate in the diversions.—*N. E. Galaxy.*

Irish Humor and Good Humor.—The following is selected from Prince Puckler Muskau's Tour, as an instance of the happy disposition of the inhabitants of swate Ireland—

"We saw a number of laborers sitting by the road side on heaps of stone, which they were breaking. My companion said, to me "They are conquerors—their whole business is to break and destroy, and they rise on the ruins they make." Meanwhile, our driver blew his horn to announce the post, for which, as with us, every thing must make way: the tone, however came forth with so much difficulty, and sounded so piteously, that we all laughed; a pretty boy of about twelve, looking like a personification of happiness and joy, though half naked, was sitting on a heap of stones, hammering. He shouted out with mischievous glee, and called out to the angry driver—Oh, ho, friend, your trumpet has caught cold—it is as hoarse as my old grandmother—cure it directly with a glass of potheen, or it will die of a consumption before you reach Galway! Loud laughs from all the laborers followed as chorus. "There," said my companion, "there you see our people—starvation and laughter—that is their lot.—Every one will give something to his priest, and if you go into his cabin, will give you half of his last potatoe, and a joke into the bargain."

Theatrical Letter.—My dear merry gicl, your friend the Soldier's Daughter, instead of learning the Way to keep Him, consented to a Clandestine Marriage with the Strolling Gentleman; but no sooner was the Honey Moon over than her Suspicious Husband, who knew How to Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, kicked up the Devil to Pay; turned out The Hypocrite; became the Inconstant; excited the Wonder of the Busy Wives of Windsor, and only Three Weeks after Marriage, rewarded the Wheel of Fortune; while his Jealous Wife informed her Distressed Mother, and the Poor Soldier, her father, who received the Fair Penitent with open arms, observing All's Well that Ends Well. Rosina, then, as you are OF Age To-morrow, beware of the Road to Ruin; still, shelter the Stranger from the Tempest, and when The Recruiting Officer, and in a Bold Stroke for a Husband, do not act The Romp; be careful of dealing with the Liar or the Rake; consult your Duenna; and when you are assailed by Lovers Vows, ask Is He Jealous, before you appoint The Wedding Day. Remember me to the Maid of the Mill; tell her I am no longer The Gamester, and that I will have done with the Three and Deuce. I have learned a New Way to Pay Old Debts, and to give Measure for Measure; that I am now the Prisoner at Large, have much of Fortune's Frolic, sowed my Wild Oats, and that soon I shall come through the Turnpike Gate, take possession of the Woodman's Hut, play Love in a Village, and be as happy as Alexander the Great

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD

Elopement.—Within these last few days an account has appeared in most of the daily newspapers, giving an account of an elopement of a young lady from London with a gentleman, and of their being closely followed in a post-chaise and four by the lady's father and a police officer, and overtaken at Doncaster, on their road to Gretna-green. The young lady in question is Miss Westley, a beautiful young girl, between 16 and 17 years of age, the only daughter of Mr. Westley, an eminent merchant in the city, residing at Streatham. The gallant Lothario is a Captain Kelly, about 35 years of age, who has lately sold out of the army. The Captain is a dashing-looking fellow, and well known at most of the sporting-houses at the west end of the town. He is also noted for having fought several duels. The young lady, who will have a very handsome fortune, was on a visit to her brother, who resides at Notting-hill, at the time of the elopement. The gallant Captain had only a short acquaintance with the young lady. On overtaking the parties Mr. Westley took his daughter into a private room. The Captain's rage knew no bounds, and he insisted on entering also—a scuffle then ensued between the constable and the Captain. The postillions and persons belonging to the house soon came up, and a scene ensued which beggars all description. The young lady, however, repented of the rash act she was about to commit, and was taken home by her father in a chaise, leaving the gallant Captain to get to town how he could.

TEN UPON ELEVEN.

We some time since related a story of a jockied Frenchman. As an offset, we now give one of a jocky-ing Frenchman. This, like the former, turns upon the sale of a horse; and also, like that, has its scene away South.

Mons. Jarvais, the Frenchman, had a Steed for sale, which he recommended as one 'ver fine hanimalle—one horse elegant extraordinaire.'

'How old do you call him?' asked the purchaser.

'How old?' said the Frenchman—'Vy, sare, he is sumsen like *ten upon eleven*.'

'Not older?'

'No, sare, he is no oldair vat I telly you.'

'On your honor?'

'Oui, sare, on me ver sacre honor, vat me telle you is de trute—he is no oldair as ten upon eleven. Me no sheaty you avec de azghe de horse. He is no more as vat I tell you.'

The horse was purchased, under the full belief that he was no more than ten or eleven years old. But the new owner was a short time afterwards told, by a judge of horse-flesh, that he had got monstrously bitten by the Frenchman, in regard to the age of the steed, which was at least twice as old as he had purchased him for.

'Confound your lying tongue!' that horse is twice as old as you said.'

'Sare!' exclaimed Jarvais, with well feigned astonishment.

'*Sare!*—I'll sare you—you lying smooth tongued scoundrel.'

'Me lie! Me one scounderall!—Vat for you accuse me, sare! ha!—You is one lie yourself—you is one grand impudence. Be gar! you come here to cuse me for lie. Be gar!'

'You need'nt bristle up to me, Mounseer. I can eat up two Frenchmen just like you at one meal.'

'Diable!—Vat! you eaty me—you one caniballe!—Diable, dam!—You be one sauvage—one vild animalle brute—be gar!'

'There's no use in all that, Mounseer. You're a lying villain—you told me a cock-and-bull story about the age of that horse—which is all no such thing.'

'Be gar! so 'tis all no such thing—'tis no bull and cock, vat for me selly you de horse. Sare you lie—'

'What!'

'Under one mistake, sare—one grand mistake. I say nossin at all vat about a bull and cock—I sell him you one horse for one horse. Mon Dieu!'

'But you cheated me in his age. The horse, I'm credibly informed, is at least twenty, if not twenty-one years old.'

'Oui! Oui!—dat is de azghe—yes, sare, dat is vat I call him.'

'What you call him! The devil it is! You told me he was ten or eleven.'

'No, sare, I not tell you he ten *or* eleven.—Dat is one grand mistake, sare. Dat leetle vord you put in, me no put him dere. Me say de horse was ten *upon* eleven.'

'Well, what's the difference?'

'Difference!—Be gar! you one Anglaisle Americane, and you not de difference tell between one Anglaisle vord! *Or*—he no *upon*; *upon*—he no *or*. Me no Anglaisle—me no Americane—but, sare, dere one grand difference between de two leetle vord.

'I know there's a difference,' replied the purchaser—'but you meant to cheat me in the age of the horse—you meant I should understand you that he was ten or eleven.'

'Sare,' returned the Frenchman, coolly, 'dere is vere you make de grand mistake. I tell you de horse he vas ten *upon* eleven—dat is vat me understand ten *more* eleven—vat you call one and de twenty.'

'But you meant to deceive me,' said the purchaser doggedly.

'Deceivy you! Mon Dieu! Me deceivy you, one Americane Yankee, vat sheat de diable!—Be gar!—Me sell him honest horse for vat you call von and de twenty—me no vell understand de Anglaisle—me no can possesbie sheaty-you—Be gar!—tis no de Frenchman vot sheat de Yankee—'tis no de cart vat put de horse afore—de honest azghe de horse is vat I telly you—ten upon eleven—and, be gar! you find him so.—*Constellation.*

About six months since a gallant Rooster—the Lord of a poultry yard, sixteen miles from town—fell by accident into a well, the depth of which is seventy-five feet. There being no water, he remained in safety in his solitude until a few days since when he perched upon the basket let down to supply him with water and food and was drawn up and restored to liberty and light. It was observed that during his imprisonment he entertained no clear idea of the coming of day and generally uttered his salutation to the morning about mid-day when the beams of the vertical sun shed a twilight into a dungeon.—He kept up his spirits—ate heartily and so soon as he regained his ancient dominion flapped his wings, crowed merrily and prepared for battle.—*Augusta Con.*

Force of Habit.—Some days since, (says an English paper,) Lowndes, the Theatrical bookseller, presented a check at the banking house of Sir Wm. Curtis & Co. and on the cashier putting the usual interrogatory, "How will you take it, sir?" Lowndes replied, "*Cold, without sugar.*"

There is more fatigue and trouble in a lazy, than in the most laborious life, who would not rather drive a clam cart, or cry brooms about the streets than be an idler?

Diamond cut Diamond.—When Baron Dupuytren and Sir Astley Cooper met in Guy's Hospital, the Baron in a very cordial manner embraced the Baronet, and kissed him. Sir Astley, who disliked such a method of salutation between *men*, at first published, but after a momentary pause, he pointedly exclaimed, "Well, never mind, I am even with you, for when I was in Paris, *I kissed your daughter!*"

THE UNLUCKY STAR.

If I walk fast I am sure to fall; if I walk slow I am certain to be overthrown by a tall strapping pedestrian. If I get into a crowd, that is to say if a crowd gets ME into it, for I always avoid crowds, it is ten to one that out of the five-and-twenty or thirty pickpockets, I engross the attention of three fourths of these "voltigeurs." I am afraid to eat pies, puddings, stews, and all sorts of made dishes, for I've broken two or three teeth by the extra stones that go to the composition of pasty and ragouts:—I never get into a coach, because I know from that moment the vehicle is doomed to overturn. Whenever a silly thing happens, or is said, amongst our acquaintance, I am certain to have the ungracious favor laid on my back; but then if I chance to utter a good joke, or do a good action, it is a matter of course that another has the credit of it. In winter I suffer dreadfully from chilblains, and in summer from corns. I am positive that I shall be the very first attacked by the CHOLERA MORBUS as soon as it makes its appearance in town. I always get the worst places at theatres: there is always some huge abomination of a bonnet before me to prevent my seeing: and, in order to do away with the sense of hearing also, it is a known thing that I am placed between an elderly gentleman with an asthmatic cough, and a young talkative apprentice. Nor is this the worst; every orange peel, rotton apple, fraction of bottle, or other missile discharged from the galleries, will inevitably alight on my inoffensive head, although, Heaven knows, there is plenty of room in the pit for the said missiles to find an asylum without incommoding any body. Besides this, all the rows, boxing and pushing originate where I sit; despite of my excessive precaution, every quarrelsome fellow, every choice spirit, and every tipsy vagabond takes his station near me. At parties it is worse and worse; and I am doomed either to listen to a prosing M. P., a cackling foolish old maid, or to dance with all the sprightly, gawky, ugly, red-haired females in the place. I get not only the worst partner, but the worst place at supper; all the champaigne that is spilt falls over my shoulders. If any toes are predestined to be trod upon, they are mine. If a plate or a glass is broken by my neighbor, all the company fix their eyes on me; and, when I leave, I am sure to be presented with an old bad hat instead of my new one.

I have undergone a considerable number of insults and trials by mistake. It was by mistake that a person once wrote me an abusive letter, and that another gave me a caning in the dark; but no one ever did me a good turn by mistake. But these are mere trifles: the reading and important events of my history will clearly demonstrate the agency of an "unlucky star," and prove that I am the most unlucky dog now breathing. Besides, I am under the influence of a fatal curse—of a malignant spirit; his name is Mr. Short Smith. I will offer a few facts, which will tend to throw a light on the subject.

One night, as I was passing through Oxford Street, there was a scuffle; and as I knew that whenever blows were to be got, I always came in for a Share, I lost no time in sounding a retreat, something resembling a trot. I heard voices behind me of "Catch him! catch him! stop thief!" Soon after, I felt myself grasped by the arm; alas! how great was my horror, when I understood that the thief that was to be caught was myself! I called all the saints to witness my innocence, and desired the captors to search my pockets. They answered that they were satisfied of my innocence with regard to the theft; but a fat gentleman, more than half drunk, swore that I had knocked him down: and, without any further ceremony, I was lodged in the black hole. In the morning I was discharged with an apology—it had all been a mistake. The person who knocked down the fat gentleman, I understood, was Mr. Short Smith. Mr. S. made an apology to the fat gentleman; the fat gentleman was satisfied—and so ended the affair. In the year 1818, when "Bish sold them all!!!" I, by chance, happened to buy half a share of a lottery ticket. The thing was no sooner done than I repented: a friend of mine wondered how the deuce I, who had such ill-luck, could ever think of buying a lottery ticket. To rectify my blunder, I sold the said ticket under cost;—it turned out a prize. The person who was blessed with it was Mr. Short Smith. A very rich old aunt—one those rich old aunts that are not of much use in this world, and whom it is agreeable to see removed to a better for the accommodation of rising relations—was my near relative; and as I always behaved respectfully to aunt Tabitha Tucker, it was generally understood I should inherit her property. I paid her a regular visit twice a year; I behaved with all possible respect to Adonis, her little ugly lap dog: I listened to a hundredth-time told tales concerning the scandal of the neighborhood; read novels to my aunt; accompanied her to church: railed against the men of the present day—and in fine, I went through a correct daily rehearsal of all the most approved and established ways with young nephews towards old maiden aunts.

One fine day, I received due intelligence of my beloved aunt's severe indisposition. I was thinking whether it would not be proper to pay her a visit, when, behold, William Williams, my dear aunt's factotum, made suddenly his appearance in my bedchamber. I concluded that he came to announce my aunt's death.

"Ah! Williams; I fear you come to acquaint me with the great event which has taken place at Rosberry Lodge."

"You have sustained a very severe loss," returned the factotum.

"Very severe!" responded I, with an impromtu groan—"very severe! I hope, however, that the ceremony was conducted with proper decorum: that no expense was spared; and——"

"Bless you Sir," exclaimed Williams, "it was a splendid thing of the sort. There was a grand dinner, bells ringing, dancing, and all sorts of rejoicing."

"Dancing! rejoicing! how indecorous on so mournful an occasion! The death of my aunt ought to——"

"The death of your aunt, sir?" exclaimed the major-domo, with a blank stare.

"Why dont you come to announce the death of my much-to-be-regretted aunt, Miss Tabitha Tucker?

"Bless me! no, Sir; I come to announce her wedding!".

"My aunt's wedding!" shrieked I out, half stultified at the intelligence—"surely you are jesting."

"No Sir; why should I?"

"And who has my aunt married?"

"Mr. Short Smith!!!"

"But William," said I, when I had a little recovered from the first shock, "you spoke of a severe loss to me; what loss may that be?"

"Why, Lord bless you, Sir! the Lady has settled, I believe half her fortune on her husband; surely that must be a loss."

I groaned, and in the bitterness of my soul I bestowed a hearty curse on the fatal Mr. Short Smith.

Three months after her marriage, I received intelligence that my aunt had departed for a better world: and then it came to light that the major-domo had been mistaken with regard to my supposed loss; my aunt had not settled half her fortune on her husband—but the whole!

Disappointed in my hopes of inheritance, I was obliged to think seriously on a way of providing for myself. I was not born rich; and besides, with the strange pertinacity of my unlucky star, my little property had been rapidly declining. What profession could I follow? Commerce! the very idea made me tremble; how was it possible that any speculation in which I was concerned could succeed? It was out of the question to think of my becoming a physician. Supposing I succeeded in getting a diploma from St. Andrew's University, who would be so foolish, so rash, as to place his life in jeopardy by entrusting his health to my medical skill? I—who have some hopes of being called to the aid of husbands with termagant wives, and young relatives who considered their uncles and aunts too dilatory in bequeathing their property; but then I should be regarded by the wives, uncles, and aunts, with sentiments of dread and horror, and they would be extremely careful in not allowing me to come near their persons. The legal profession I discarded for fear of want of clients. I should have been content to become a parson, for that I consider the most comfortable and idle trade going: but then I had no hopes of obtaining a good living, and what's the use of being a parson without a good living? All things considered, I concluded that the best course I could adopt was to get a place under government; aware that the influence of my unlucky star would there be less glaringly perceptible than any where else. There was a vacancy worth about 800 pounds a year in the Colonies; a friend, who had some influence in the proper quarters, made all possible interest for me; and indeed, he would have succeeded, had he applied before—but the place had already been granted, and to whom do you think? Mr. Short Smith!—This monster had solicited the place for a cousin of his and had obtained it. During three or four days I did nothing but fume and swear.

My friend came to see me on the fourth day, and told me to cheer up; that there was another place vacant—a snug sort of sinecure in the Customs. The next day he called again; alas! with a most ominous face; I trembled.

"It was a most unlucky thing," he cried, "that we did not apply before; the place would have been yours—but unfortunately another has taken Time by the forelock, and obtained it.

"And who is the fortunate man?"

"Mr. Short Smith!!"

"Oh! horrible! horrible! most horrible! what can he want with the place? You know he is very rich—rich with the money that ought to have been mine!"

"Well, but he doesn't want the place for himself but for his cousin."

"Did not his cousin get the place in the Colonies? how is he to attend to the Customs?"

"But the place is for another cousin: Mr. Short Smith has more cousins than one."

"This intelligence overwhelmed me; from that moment I gave up every idea of place hunting. I felt convinced that my redoubtable antagonist would find cousins for every vacancy which might occur. Well, in utter desolation of spirit I hired a couple of small rooms at Highgate, and delivered myself up to the most perplexing ruminations. I strolled about the fields by moonlight, and as I gazed on the stars, not knowing which might be my unlucky one, I heartily cursed them all. My friend who had been so indifferently successful in getting me a place, came one day into my sitting-room, with a face full of smiles, and wished me joy: "Your evil genius is dead!" he exclaimed.

"What! speak! speak! let me hear it again and again and again! let my ears get intoxicated—nay, gloriously drunk with the luscious sounds."

"Yes; Mr. Short Smith is no more: he was found drowned in the Serpentine."

I could now breathe a little: true, my unlucky star was not drowned in the Serpentine, and it might live quite as long as myself, but then I had only one enemy to contend with, instead of two.

I returned to London in much better spirits than I had left it, and for a whole month I experienced no more troubles than the ordinary ones; trifles, which in a life of so varied and ever-enduring tribulation scarcely deserved notice: true, that I generally had my tea cold, and that I had to endure the unremitting discord of half a dozen screaming brats, who lived in the Mews behind my house; but what was this, and a thousand other similar annoyances, to a veteran in suffering like myself?

One morning as I was shaving, and smarting under the penance of a dull razor, my officious friend bounced into my room, with the usual allowance of joy and hope diffused over his countenance.

"My dear friend," he said "I have been thinking of an excellent plan to promote your happiness."

"Another place?"

"No; marriage—I wish to see you married."

"Marriage! do you suppose that I should be justified in committing such an act? I, with an infamous star over my head!"

"Listen—I wish to see you marry into a most respectable family; the Gillmans, of Cuckoo Villa. Mr Gillman is a retired tradesman, of the highest respectability; his daughter is perfection. Will you allow me to negociate this affair? I pledge myself to its success."

"Why really you present the thing in so fair a light,——"

My kind officious friend was off like a shot, for he really felt a pleasure in being serviceable to me; although, south to say, all his good services had hitherto been most provokingly unserviceable. But my prospects began to brighten up about this time. I made a strict reconing of the events of the last fortnight, and I found a material improvement in my affairs. During this period, except the loss of a tooth, a dreadful stomach-ache, the disappearance of my gold repeater, and one or two comparatively trifling inconveniences of the sort, I had nothing to complain of. This diminution of tribulation I reasonably enough ascribed to the death of Mr. Short Smith, and I began to hug myself in the idea that my unlucky star was relenting in its atrocity. My friend soon informed me that Mr. Gillman highly approved of the connexion, and sent me an invitation to his villa, as he was pleased to call a small, square, white washed tenement, situated near the high-road for the sake of fine prospect and dust. I made my preparations, and was on the point of jumping into the stage coach, when, most unfortunately, I fell ill of a fever and lingered nearly a month in bed. As soon as I was in a situation to travel, I took my place in the stage-coach, and off I set for S—— in Warwickshire. I met with no accident on the road, which certainly was good for great wonderment. At S—— I was told that Cuckoo Villa lay about three miles from that place; and I started on horseback for Mr. Gillman's retreat. I was wondering that I had not yet met with any accident, when I heard the tramp of a horse advancing rapidly in my direction. It was a mad equestrian, who like a stormy whirlwind, was galloping at a rate to make any one dizzy to look on him. He had lost the command of his charger, and as he approached me, he uttered something like an unearthly scream. I stood for a moment petrified; I wished to avoid the tremendous rider. It was too late; he came with full force against my poor horse. The shock was awful. I was violently thrown; my arm was broken; and I remained in a state of insensibility. When I recovered from the effects of my trance, I found myself lying on a bed, attended by three gentlemen; one of which was the master of the house, the other a medical practitioner, and a third the young man who had been the innocent cause of my accident.

"How far is it to Cuckoo Villa?" inquired I.

"You are in Cuckoo Villa, Sir," answered the old gentleman.

"Indeed! You must know that I am the person whom you have been expecting as a visitor."

"Mr. Timothy Tucker: surely my friend Mr. Meddle——".

"Oh! I understand now; yes, yes; humph! ah! Certainly we did expect you, and were rather surprised not to see you. Humph! and I am sorry, very sorry for the accident you have met with."

I was then left to repose. Next morning, the furious rider made his appearance with a face full of sorrow, and approaching my couch, announced himself as Mr. Short Smith.

"Mr. Short Smith!—are you really Mr. Short Smith? Why how is this? were you not drowned in the Serpentine?"

"No Sir; that was my unfortunate brother."

I looked aghast, but could not utter a word more. Mr. Short Smith was alive; nothing but uninterrupted misfortune could I expect for the future. I fell into a feverish slumber, and I had the most horrible dreams. When I awoke, Mr. Gillman entered the apartment; and a scene took place which baffles all description. Mr. Gillman said,

"Really, Mr. Tucker, I have a very unpleasant communication to make. If I mistake not you came down here with a view of accomplishing a union."

"With your amiable daughter, certainly. I trust you have not repented, Mr. Gillman."

"Why, no, no," answered he, with embarrassment; "I cannot say that I repented: but—but—the marriage is now impossible. My daughter is already married."

"Married! you astonish me!"

"The fact is, Mr. Tucker, that not hearing from you during a whole month, in the meantime a young gentleman of family, fortune, and accomplishments offered himself; we accepted."

"And who is the happy mortal?"

"Here comes the very man: allow me to introduce my son-in-law, Mr. Short Smith!"

This was too much—I felt ready to die; but my rage served to keep me alive. I did not wait to be completely cured in order to hasten from Cuckoo Villa. I hurried back to London bordering on insanity. My kind officious friend called on me the day after my arrival.

"I am very sorry," he said; "the delay occasioned by your illness was fatal: but cheer up; after all, the loss is not so great; the married life might probably be a torment to you. During your absence I have been thinking of a plan for your future happiness."

"Another plan?"

"A most excellent one! This time I am confident I shall be able to serve you."

"Now my dear friend, for Heaven's sake, trouble yourself with my happiness no more! Pray, be not offended; I allow that you are my friend, and for this reason, because in that the influence of my unlucky star is discernible. If you were a fortunate person, you could not be my friend."

This is a veracious account of the leading events of my most luckless life. I reject the assumption that conduct is fate: how has my conduct been to blame? Alas! what is the use of having any conduct at all, as long as men labor under the malignant influence of an unlucky star?

T.

MADAME VESTRIS.

The following sketch of Madame Vestris, the English Theatreal, and present Lessee, and Manageress of the Olympic Theatre, London, which we find in the Tatler, will amuse that portion of our readers, who are fond of light articles. As a specimen of Antithesis it is a literary curiosity. The writer must have cudgelled his brain most unmercifully, to have pushed his conceits so far.

"Madame Vestris is an oddity!" That is strange says the reader, and what is strange is odd; let that content you. Is it not odd that she is the only mangeress—is it not also odd that she is more successful than all the managers taken collectively; is it not ODD that she has produced no piece that failed, is it not odd that her theatre boasts of the loveliest woman (herself) and the ugliest man (Liston) on the stage!

Miss Bartolozzi was born in Marylebone, and was so lovely when little, that she was called "little love;" her heart was as light as her eyes were dark, she was beautiful as a butterfly and as wild as one. When only fourteen lovers came by streams, (one went the same way, for he drowned himself;) amongst others a certain gigantic attorney "sighed and looked;" but she objected to his size, and he never spoke aloud of his love, because his love was not allowed. She then adored nothing but music, which I suppose must have arisen from hearing her own voice, for there is no music like it. She studied the piano, though that was not her forte; in dancing she "snatched a grace beyond the reach of art," for she had artless grace. Thus she proceeded making samplers and breaking hearts; reading romantic tales, and turning romancer's heads; captivating all who heard her; without condescending often to hear from those she had captivated, until she was fifteen. Then, when she was indeed

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded,"

she saw Armand Vestris, "the dancer." His pirouettes turned her brain, and ere she was sixteen she became his wife. He was rather gay, that is he led a sad life, which means a short and merry one. Madame Vestris found no resource in her husband, and began to husband her own resources. She did not go to Doctor's commons, her own will was her prerogative court. As her husband was absent, she embraced the stage, and appeared as Proserpina at the King's Theatre.—After brilliant success, she went to Paris. Helen never delighted the ancient Paris as Madame V. did the modern. Helen contributed to the ruin of a war, but Madame was content with promoting the ruin of a piece. In that city of pleasure she had many a suitor that did not suit her. Philosophers forsook the love of science to study the science of love. Poets sung in measures their measureless affection: Beranger was deranged; Deputies came in person; and she was three times offered to be made a countess, the moment the manager made her ap-pear. But Monsieur V.'s finances ceased to go right so she left, and in 1820 appeared in Drury Lane theatre. There at the Haymarket and Covent Garden, was she many a season the envy of one sex, and the delight of the other, when disasterous events occurred. I saw her, I remember, all sunniness and song, as usual; a week afterwards a reverse; her hair was no longer bedecked with flowers, for her form was enveloped in weeds. She was a widow. Her beautiful face peeping forth from her sables, like Aurora from a dark cloud, or Venus from the black sea. She looked more bewitching from the absence of any apparent witchery; sickness had subdued the fire not the beauty, of her eyes; her voice was more touchingly tender; the very moonlight of sorrow; detraction said much of the years of coldness between her and her husband.

"How could she regret him from whom she has been so long estranged? Precious prisoners! Death flings a veil over error—recalls every image of former joy; the sins of the careless husband lie with him in the oblivion of the narrow house, whilst every word, every kind deed, returns with a sweet melancholy, and knocking at the lonely heart, cries, "remember!" She resolved to become a manageress. In vain did wooers sigh; beaus came full of tears—her thoughts were on tiers full of beaus; they spoke of a marriage license, she of Chamberlaine's—At length it is said amid a host of lovers, she chose one "whose love is indeed a host," (though her sister only is in America—it is well understood that both the ladies are in the "united state.") The Olympic theatre opened—how many have been jammed to death I know not; but the erection of the King's college so close, is of course to give immediate relief to the nightly sufferers.—She must certainly have studied the art and mystery of a packer, or she never could have packed individuals to the amount of 180*l* nightly, in a domus calculated but to contain 150*l*.

Madame V. is the best actress that ever sang, and decidedly the best singer that ever acted. She was born to fascinate the world, and possesses a world of fascination. A man might be satisfied with the charms of her mind could he avoid minding her charms. With talent to transcend beauty she has beauty as transcendant as her talent. Those most ready to frame faults can find no fault with her frame. Her foot is not half a foot. Her eyes have all the fire of love, with yet a lovelier fire—a subduing softness, that melts while it captivates—the very pupils (unlike most pupils) seems to love their lashes. Her lips are severed cherries, imbued with their own dew, and the commentary they form on Horn's son of "Cherry ripe" gave to that song its popularity. Her ear seems revelling in her ringlets, as though it loved the curls it reposed among. She is so peer-less, you cannot laud her. She will never grow old—for time that flies with others, stands to gaze at her; his wings are idle, while he is loitering at her's.

She has wit enough to excuse severity, yet good nature enough to check her wit. One instance of a tart remark is on my memmory. An actress and a spinster (who is very prudent and very ugly) was speaking illiberally of some ladies. "You mustn't wonder," said Mrs. O. you know she is still a virgin." "Yes verging upon fifty," replied Madame.

Madame V. as a singer follows no schoo', she has formed one—a school in which the heart breathes music through the lips. In her own garb she is the beau-ideal of woman; in male attire she is indeed an ideal beau—the personification of Ganymede or Adonis in their juvenilia. She makes love like an angel—Moore caught his notion of the "Loves of the Angels" from her. As an actress she imitates no one—and (though many attempt) no one has succeeded in imitating her, for she is inimitable.

Her laugh is sunshine to the eye, and music to the ear. She dances as if she did not belong to this world, and walks as if this world belonged to her. As a manageress she is the leader (and Jove's Leda was nothing to her;) but who is to follow her footsteps? Others might rival at the Olympic, but who could rival her "Olympic Revels?" She is a magnet that attracts at each pole. Steel (though dwelling amid beauty) was never attached to such a loadstone, Her fame will never die (would she never might!) for the name of Madame Vestris will be remembered when all other vestries are forgotten.

ULIN'S LEAP.

On the 25th of April, 1792 Benjamin Ulin left the Stockade, above the mouth of Kenhawa river, (now Point Pleasant, Virginia) and crossing the Kenhawa, he followed a path that led up to a point, to the top of a hill about half a mile below the Kenhawa, in pursuit of a stray horse. As he approached the hill he was seen by three Indians, then on the top, who carefully concealed themselves, and lay in ambush, until he reached the top; when two of them who had arms, fired at him. One of their balls passed thro' his clothes, and touched, but did not bury itself in his right hip; the other missed him. Finding their fire had been ineffectual, they separated, two of them running and occupying the only passes, by which he could re-ascend the hill, in the direction of the Stockade, and the other made at him. Thus surrounded, he was left with no other alternative but to fall into their hands a prisoner, or leap down a high precipice of rocks on the North side of the hill, fronting the Ohio River. Acquainted with many of the Indians and knowing their feeling towards him, he was satisfied that a certain, if not a lingering death awaited him. In this awful predicament, he stood pondering over his melancholy condition, without arms to defend himself; until the Indian had come nearly up to him; when he summoned up resolution, and commenced a rapid retreat towards the brink of the precipice, hotly pursued by the Indian—arrived there he did not hesitate, but leaped down the precipice, passing through the top branches of a small Buckeye tree, he jumped sixty five and a half feet before he touched the ground; recovering as soon as possible, he made three other leaps, the first seventeen the second seven, and the third eleven feet, which took him down nearly to the base of the hill. He then ran to the Ohio river, plunged into the water, and undertook to swim across, but finding the water very cold, and that the Indians had not pursued him he returned to the shore, ran up the beach, recrossed Kenhawa, in a small canoe, and soon arrived at the Stockade. The distance of each leap was measured by the late Col. Lewis, of Virginia, and Col. Boon, of Missouri, who were at the Stockade at the time. From the fall of the leaves in autumn, to their budding in the spring, the precipice can be seen by boatmen descending the Ohio River, from a great distance: and ever since that occurrence, it has received from them, the appellation of "Ulin's Leap." Notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts he made, after leaping down the precipice, and which enabled him to effect his escape, they were not made without considerable injury; for some time his life was dispaired of—but he finally recovered. He is now a respectable citizen of Greenup County, Ky. He is sixty-five years of age; he is keen, active, and sprightly—mirthful, jolly and gay. He enjoys perfect good health, save some occasional pains in his back and hips, which he thinks, results from the injuries he received, when he leaped down the precipice of rocks. After the treaty of 1795, it was ascertained from some of the Indians, who came into Point Pleasant and mingled with the whites, that a story had been in vogue among them, and extensively believed in on the authority of those who chased Ulin. "That they had fired on a White man, who ran to the top of a high precipice of rocks, where he took wings and flew off."

A person in Owestry impertinently accosted one of the late Bishops of Asaph, in the church-yard there, as his Lordship was taking a walk after the confirmation, as follows:—"My Lord does the devil wear a wig like you, or is he bareheaded?" "Wait a while, my man," said the prelate, "and you'll see."

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1832.

☞ Subscriptions, for this paper, received by Messrs. PEABODY & Co. No. 219 Broadway.

OURSELVES.

The very friendly disposition evinced towards us and our Print, during the last week, by almost the entire editorial corps of New-York, elicits the expression of our gratitude, and the assurance of our indulging in return, great good feeling and respect for our liberal and courteous friends. With no one do we contend—with no one do we compete—"*sui generis*" we pursue an untrod course, dabbling neither in politics or religion, upholding neither men nor measures—satisfied if we but cater successfully for those "laughing philosophers," our kind patrons, who take the world as they find it, and with grateful hearts strive to make the most of it.

Indulging these feelings, and pursuing these objects, we can scarcely fail to secure the fair consideration of "our brethren," and we *trust*, the partial approbation of our Sporting countrymen.

We are daily receiving the *most gratifying proof* of our successful efforts in the continued increase of our subscription.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK,

The past week, consists independently of the consumption of *bread and meat*, of quite a miscellaneous compound: The Hermann's have sung and laughed *at* the City Hotel. Maelzel's Automaton "beats all nature," besides burning Moscow "to a charm." Musical boxes, imitating singing birds, putting Thorburn's Aviary to silence. Scudder's sea dog, "with his tongue cut out." Academy of Fine Arts, blazing with *frames*, containing faces we can see for half the price in the street. Trumbull's paintings, fighting o'er the scenes of the Revolution. Young Men's Convention galloping homewards, all filled with hopes of—we won't say what. Arrivals from Europe, i. e. tag, rag, and bob-tail. One of the largest steamers on North River, just at five o'clock—let her steam off through the common flue. A man in Cedar-street fell from the seventh story into the sixth. A carpet from the pulpit stairs of the Baptist Church in Oliver-st. was stolen. Hewitt's print of the ruins in Cliff-street makes *one shudder*. Crawford "stuck" a colored man with his oyster knife—a real "blue point." David Mooney stole a pair of snuffers in Broadway—honest Davy burns candles. The Park Theatre has suffered a "Tempest,"—Mrs. Austin saved the house. A Water Witch has found her way into the American Theatre. Eugene Aram is coming to New-York. President Adams' report has arrived—four men on the principle of "ride and tie" have read it. Major Heard they say, but "don't mention it,"—the Sports of the Ring are no longer *ours*.

Such the miscellaneous joys
Of living MAN, in mixed society—
Gabble-gobble, chit-chat, noise,
Bee-saw sayings, fun, variety.

THE RING.

We have to-day evinced our respect to the "public voice" by expunging the *Sports of the Ring* from our columns. Yet we reserve the right on any fitting occasion, so far to *imitate the example of our colemporaries*, as to give now and then a recital of the "feats" of the *real* fancy—while we shall avoid the disgusting accounts of unscientific cudgel play, that of late has so strikingly adorned the fair sheets of even our friendly admonitors.

Yet we mourn over thee, O! Ring. We wail for thy fallen glories—we lament that no longer we may hang enchanted over the recital of thy matchless sports! Yea, thou arena of bloody-nosed beauty and gladiatorial spirit, thou hast been to us as our first-born. Thy great progenitors "Cain of the bloody mark" gave to thy feats the impress of his nature and sanctifying thy *innocent* festivities with gore of his brother.

But the *Spirit of the Times* drives you from our pages. The kind admonitions of our friends instruct us that we may have mistaken "the taste of an American Public." "Genius of the Fancy!"—thy soul-subduing exhibitions has no place in this community! Thou art fled from hence and taken thy abode in the capitol of our country! We deplore thy departure—yet we sympathize in the distresses that drove thee from us! Thou art now amid congenial spirits—the reception thou hast found must delight thee—gratified thou must have been, when at "dewy eve," thou wert met and greeted by the champion of thy gouging, bone-breaking votaries! Yet we must bid thee a final adieu. To the *genius* of this people thou art *not congenial*. Fare thee well, great shade.

DUCHESS CO. RACES.

We have not received in time for to-day's paper, the result of the Races over the Duchess Co. Course at Po'keepsie. On Tuesday, at twelve o'clock, the Sweepstakes for three year old colts for $300 each was run, which is said to have been one of great interest;—Mr. Bathgate's colt was the winner. Five colts were enterd, owned we believe, by Messrs. Bathgate, Wilkes, Stevens, Allard and Pearsall. The Telegraph of the 16th says, "in consequence of the heavy shower which commenced about two o'clock, the society's purse for $300 was not run for. Some fine racing is anticipated this term. Bottom will be required as well as speed by the rivals on the track the two following days, as the rain of yesterday has made the course heavy." We shall be able to lay before our readers the entire results in our next, as also those on the Washington course, D. C. We need not add that crowds of our sporting "knowing ones," left the city for Po'keepsie and Washington the last week to witness the sports of the Turf and attend the balls, &c. &c.

PEABODY'S No. 219 BROADWAY.—Since the shutting up of our old friend Bourne, we know few places in our city where we can recreate amid the beauties of splendid editions, and the productions of finished artists more to our satisfaction than at the Fancy Bookstore, at No 219. Many of the most rare works in our language are there found—every variety of Magazine and tasty Periodical, garnish his glittering shelves. The enterprize and urbanity of the flourishing proprietor will insure him success.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK is becoming life indeed among the *elite* of our young gentlemen, who, at great expense, and with characteristic enterprise, have established a Boat Club. They have furnished themselves with a boat c'en the "Skimmer of the Sea" might covet. Dresses that the gay "Seadrift" would admire. Thus accoutred they launch fearlessiy into our bay—indulging the reckless spirit of the sailor—gladdening their mirthful appetites with the song of the Boatman, while the "waves bound beneath them as a steed that knows his rider."

Such recreations give enchantment to a Life in New-York, while the exercise incident to such manly sports, lends the hue of health and the nerve of strength to each participator in this glorious amusement.

We dropp'd in at PEALE'S MUSEUM an evening or two since, and were extremely delighted with the performances of the two Kendalls: one on the Harp, the other on the Flageolet, of a new construction—a French instrument. Their Panharmonicon March and Hungarian Waltz with variations, were executed with great good taste, and a skilfulness indicating a perfect mastery of their respective instruments. New-York audiences have been richly regaled the past week with sweet sounds. To such intellectual diversions we give our heartiest approbation, while the success of the artists tells well for the morals and refinement of our city.

THE CONSPIRACY CASE.—The naughty Margaret Agnew's story is so bad, that we—all modesty—dare not give a recapitulation of her testimony. Margaret went the "entire pork." Faced up to the work, and swore bravely—swore just exactly enough,—swore all her friends could ask of her, poor, modest, little thing, as she is. Well, Miss Margaret, we pity thee, for after all, your *ingenuous confessions*, not to be believed, is too bad! too bad!! We, however, shall take warning and remember one thing of thee, modest Margaret, never to play with infants over the shoulders of their nurses—no—never—never.

IMPROVED FOWLING PIECE.—Lewis, at his Sporting Establishment, No. 3 Wall-street, did us the favor to show and explain an improvement in the "instrument of death" which we imagine will prove a desideratum—to all *timid* Sportsmen at least. 'Twas a beautiful double-barrel of exquisite workmanship, manufactured in London, and its great superiority consists in the fact that no accident can possibly occur from a discharge in consequence of coming in contact with a twig, or any sudden jar. The Sportsman may safely carry it ready cocked, and until he brings it to his shoulder and pressing with his right hand a spring concealed in the stock, the trigger cannot act on the lock. Any who have been deterred from the use of the gun by apprehension of accidents, will do well to call and examine this finished article.

Lewis' fishing tackle—flies, &c. are in great perfection, and adapted to this sport as practised in our country.

CHATHAM STREET CHAPEL.—If there lives on the face of this queer world, a single individual who has accustommed himself to consider life as mere every-day repitition of dull commonplace events, we advise him to take a trip to New York just at this present time, barely for the instruction which it could not fail to afford him. We think that after he had brought up two or three times, against the mountains of brick with which our streets are encumbered, and being once handsomely tripped up by one of the countless irregular assemblages of other building materials which throng our side-walks, and thereby safely deposited in a mortar-bed—we say after two or three adventures of this kind, if he persisted in holding with Solomon that "there is nothing new under the sun," he would at least be willing to admit that with us, old things are twisted into new shapes pretty often.

But none of the "strange mutations" which are going on all about us, strikes so forcibly the mind of a citizen as the late metamorphosis of the so lately merry little Chatham Theatre, into the now stately and reverend Chatham-street Chapel: a change as little dreamed of six months since by the graceless devotees of amusement who were wont to resort thither, as even their own sanctification *en masse*: and indeed we know of no possible event more unlikely to happen than that last mentioned.

And so, Chatham Theatre is no more:—and innumerable reprobates are now startled by the annunciation of "awful realities," even in the very seats where they once sat chuckling at the "Hypocrite;" and in the matter of music, Old Hundred has fairly usurped the place of the "Siy young Crow!"

And yet, with all these changes, there remains as yet amply enough to remind an old acquaintance of the "little Chatham!" and Auld Lang Syne. The plan of the building, the decorations, and even the people to be there met with, present a quaint and singular appearance, half church, half theatre. The whole affair is an anomaly; and better worth an hour's attention and speculation than any six-legged calf or double-headed gosiin which has made its appearance for a long time.

We trust that these remarks will not be construed as ridiculing, much less censuring, those who have interested themselves in bringing about this "conversion" of the Chatham. It was indeed a spirited undertaking: and the celerity with which it has been brought about is creditable to New York enterprise. We shall cheerfully hail the occurrence of any moral reform which the establishment of the new chapel may effect; for, with all our good nature, we could never say any thing for the morals of the Chatham.

Apropos, as to churches and theatres, we must relate an anecdote of a clever little dancing master who once exercised his professional abilities within the sphere of our observation. A friend made some good humored remark on dancing and preaching, which seemed to place communions and cotillions rather in contrast than otherwise; whereupon the master of the dance rose promptly to explain, "For my part," said he, "I hope nobody considers me opposed to preaching, for I highly respect and esteem it, and fully believe that society could not exist without it; *but then*" said he, with almost positive emphasis "I think we can have a little dancing too." Without indorsing the orthodoxy of this opinion, we may perhaps be permitted to say that it is in a spirit of universal toleration something akin to that which inspired it, that we close by invoking a full measure of encouragement and success upon the enterprize of the founders of the Chatham street Chapel

FOX HUNTING.—We gave our Sporting friends a few weeks since an article on this exhilarating sport, from the Foreign Quarterly Review, and ran the hazard of remarking that "in New-York and Pennsylvania, it seldom or ever occurs that *horses* are introduced in hunting "sly reynard," and never we believe in New England." It seems however, we were mistaken in our supposition, as will be seen from the artic ed, which we find in the Philadelphia "Mirror of Taste," altogether the most *taste*-ful and spirited weekly publication on our list of "Exchange."

"The Spirit of the Times (No. 21.) contains a long and highly amusing article on Fox hunting, copied from the Foreign Quarterly Review. The Editor of the Times has fallen into an error when he observes, "In New-York or Pennsylvania it seldom or ever occurs that horses are introduced into this sport—and never we believe in the New England States." Passing by the practice in New-York, and the New England States, we would take the liberty to remark, that it is extensively carried on in many parts of Pennsylvania by men "booted, spurred and horsed." We beg our brother to take *our word* for that. We can now call to mind two *fine packs* in the vicinity of New Holland, several in the neighborhood of the Yellow Springs, and others too numerous to mention around West Chester, made up of dogs of as fine *cry, wind, and speed*, as any County can produce. We happen to know something of these matters from personal observation, but we believe the rarest sport and swiftest dogs are to be found in the lower section of Chester county, on the Susquehannah. We do not know whether our brother is a gentleman of "recreations" or not, but if the chase has any charms for him, and he will visit the above places in the season, we premise that he will see a hunt, almost any day when the weather is fine, and often when it is not; and, if he does not then and there hear "the hunter's horn in the morning," and witness the spirit stirring spectacle of fifteen, thirty, nay even more *gentlemen of the chase* well *mounted*, and in full pursuit, aye, and see *Sly Reynard to boot*, why then, as Hackett says, "tant no matter!"

We feel obliged, Mr. WORRALL:—should you visit our city of Gotham, and give us the honor of "a call," we'll treat you to a lunchat Delmonico's—show you the lions—take a peep at the whale—drink a mint julep at Niblo's—and trot you out to Cato's after dinner in our buggy with a 15 *miler*, we wot of, with divers "other entertainments as will be expressed in the *course* of the day:—the whole to conclude with "Clari," by Miss Vincent, at the American. Success attend ye—good afternoon.

We know not whether we are "before the *times*," or "behind the *times*;" but we do know, that it is the "fault of the *Times*," or of the Post Office, ("there's snug lying in the abbey,") [?!] if our paper is not received be-*times*. By the way, the "Times," is an excellent print—full of interest and amusement; the editor very gentlemanly and very intelligent; but we beg of him to travel complaisantly with us, for, from our youth upwards, we never could bear "pricked Porter."—*New-York Traveller.*

The SPIRIT OF THE TIMES would not indulge in a remark that the TRAVELLER could misinterpret, and in all courtesy we complained of the tardiness with which this clever and interesting print reached our office. The good-natured reply of the Traveller has just caught our eye, and we take this occasion to reciprocate the politeness of the Editors, and to make the assurance that we shall "travel complaisantly" too, with them, and all our cotemporaries. Yet we cannot but remark, that from "ADAMS' creation" to the present time, it has been the "cunning HUNT" of some men to put a "smart LOCKE" on the door of deserved censure.

The following "exquisite morceau" we should hardly have dared introduce into our columns, were we not emboldened by its appearance in the New-York American, where we find it headed by this sensible observation:

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," is the only remark we have to make in inserting these somewhat free lines; which, if they even partially succeed in correcting one of Fashion's excesses, will not be thrown away:

FOR THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.
Dedommagement a la mode.

When Fashion proclaimed from her dazzling height,
Emboldened by power and forgetful of right;
And at her wits ends to devise something new
That the bosom henceforth should be veiled from the view—
'Twas received with a loud burst of indignation,
And threw her fair votaries in great consternation.
Some questioned her right: some demurred, and some doubted:
Some affected to scorn—some wept, and some pouted.
Yes, curl'd with resentment was many a lip—
'Twere heaven to look on and rapture to sip:
And sweet mouths of roses, all blooming and pretty,
Were pated with dark anger, and quivering and fretty.
What a shame, they exclaimed, that charms such as these,
Should be hid from the sight, when they're just made to please.
Some thought by evasion it might be defeated:
Some tried it with gauze—some puffed, and some plaited;
Some vowed—almost swore: some sighed—some protested—
The sweet pretty charmers should not be molested.
Many councils were held, and committees elected,
And many dark schemes of rebellion projected.
'Till Fashion alarmed at the far swelling rage,
Thought it best, by concession, the storm to assuage—
But resolved, like all tyrants with more power than sense,
That with the late edict she would not dispense.
'Twas all one, she said, what e'er nature intended,
Her royal prerogative must be defended—
But dutiful subjects might look very soon
For some compensation in shape of a boon.
And although to this law strict obedience was meet,
Yet something, perhaps, might be done for the feet—
Which might, when with neat little buskins protected,
From under the dress, be a wee bit projected.
At the name of the foot every bosom beat high,
To think that it's day of deliverance drew nigh:
'Twas in vain to conceal what every one saw,
How easy 'twould be to evade every law:
Once open the door to a licence below
And no mortal could tell to what HEIGHTH it would go.
Ere half of the realm the new ordinance knew,
Some thousands of pretty feet popp'd into view:
And such was the magical power of the foot
That they very soon added the ancle to boot.
Unwilling that things should be done by the halves
They took in a tuck, and then out peep'd the c——.
Now in every new scheme there will always be starters,
And some thought it better to raise to the g——:
While others, desirous in all things to please,
Resolved that the limit should be at the k——:
Nay, in this windy weather, which all must deplore,
There are those who imagine they even see more:
And think, though the fashion I cannot admire,
There is every appearance that things will go higher!
PEEPER.

BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT.

A Yorkshire clown, a sad unlucky dog,
As e'er put hand to plough, or drain'd a bog,
The parish parson chanc'd one day to meet,
But fail'd to 'doff his hat,' the priest to greet,
Whereat the churchman looking mighty big,
Addressed him thus, and awful shook his wig;
'An't you a pretty fellow, Sirrah?' hey!
'Yes, zur,' cries Hodge, 'so all the lasses say.'
'Rascal,' exclaims the priest, to phrenzy wro't,
'You saucy knave, you're better fed than taught.'
'That's true,' says Hodge, 'as any fool may tell'
'Because you teach me, but I feeds myself.'

PUN.—"What is a *roue?*" said a very innocent young lady the other evening to a gentleman of that class. "Why," replied he, with a drawl, "I dont exactly know; but it is almost a ruin."

A PULPIT BULL.—A popular preacher enriched his sermons occasionally with this jewel:—"Remember, I beseech you, brethren, never to forget, that we are all sailing down the stream of time, and must inevitably *land*, at last, in the great ocean of eternity.

'Items' continue in good demand. The Printers' *Exchanges* is thronged with speculators.

☞ A young lady of our acquaintance lately lost a *beau*—from her bonnet. 'O hapless lot—O miserable fate!' (This makes a very pathetic 'item.')

One 'item' reward.—The editor of the Dover, N. H. Gazette has stolen four of our 'Items.' If our old friend, the Sheriff of Strafford County will arrest him, and 'have him forthwith before one of our Justices of the Peace,' he shall be entitled to one 'item' reward.

A wild cat—a real *scratcher*—measuring four feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, was 'treed in a goose pen and shot with a pitch-fork,' by a Mr. Pratt, of Industry, Maine.

The editor of the Vermont Patriot says he saw eight ladies riding on horseback the other day, and that they kicked up quite a dust. Ladies don't *kick up* down here, it is'nt genteel.—*N. H. Spectator.*

Sir John Long, the friction doctor, at a party at the Marquiss of Silgo's a few evenings ago, was asked by Lady Mary—— if he would take a hand at picquet. 'I always prefer a rubber,' responded this favored son of Esculapius.

An odd instance of the waggery of that privileged class in Ireland, livery servants, occurred the other day, when Sir Charles and Lady Morgan were announced as Cholera and Lady Morbus! The worthy Knight's affected dislike of the profession of medicine, to which he belongs, gave much point to his amusing impertinence.

"M—— is agreat author," said L——, "though he has neverpublished either prose or verse."—"How can that be?" "Why, because he never attempted poety, and yet his books are more than prose—they are all prose-y!"

A SCRAP OF NATURAL HISTORY.—A farmer in Catskill the other day saw in a field two large sized black snakes, one of which he killed. The other made its escape. Having heard that if the dead one is not removed, its companion will return, and lie by the side of it, he visited the spot next day, when he actually found the living and dead snake together, and killed the one which had before made its escape.

A SMALL TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

Abigail Lord,
Of her own accord,
Went down to see her sister,
When Jason Lee,
Brisk as a flea,
Jump'd right smack up and kiss'd her!

ANOTHER, FAR SUPERIOR.

General Jackson was the man
That kill'd the great big Packinham;
Packinham was no great scratch,
For Jackson nade him jump Sam Patch.

Some rascal stole a double-barrelled gun from some body some where in New York, some time last week for some purpose unknown—to shoot loons with as likely as not. There ought to be some kind of punishment devised by some body for preventing such atrocities.

The fight about the United States Bank is in. The printers are making furious speeches at each other about it. Congress will go at it next. We beg the comet o keep at a respectful distance this summer, or we shall be likely to give him an unpleasant warning. It's hot work here below.—*Trenton Emp.*

A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

A young man told his friend, that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. 'Why then do you sleep without your shoes?' was the reply.

A young man meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard that you were dead." 'But said the other,' 'you see me alive.' 'I do not know how that may be,' replied he, 'you are a notorious liar, but my informant was a person of credit.'

A man, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

One of twin brothers died: a fellow meeting the survivor asked "Which is it, you or your brother that's dead?"

The son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His parent replied, 'I should be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come home safe.'

A man wrote to his friend in Greece, begging him to purchase books. From negligence or avarice he neglected to execute the commission but fearing that his correspondent might be offended, he exclaimed when next they met, 'My dear friend, I never got the letter that you wrote me about the books.'

A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head exclaimed, 'Here's a pretty mistake; rascal! you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me.

A foolish fellow having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

THE DEVIL. The leading editorial article in the N. H. Observer of Saturday last, is "The Devil." His *majesty* is handled without gloves—and the subject is "to be continued."

In a recent trial for assault and battery, in Pennsylvania, the counsel for the defendant asked one of the witnesses, a stout, athletic man, to describe the manner in which the plaintiff was assaulted; when he immediately took hold of the counsel by the collar, and gave him a tremendous shaking, to the no small amusement of the judges, spectators, &c. who were convulsed with laughter.

A Veterinary Surgeon has lately discovered that exhausted and worn-out horses are very speedily restored to their strength and condition by giving them daily one or two bundles of couch grass, of ten or twelve pounds weight, mixed with a quantity of carrots. Thus this weed which, wherever it has appeared, has been the pest of farmers, will become a useful medicament.

The Duke of Rutland has kindly interested himself to procure the "King's Guineas" for the races at Leicester; and his Majesty has, on such solicitation, awarded a royal plate of 100 guineas, to be run for at the ensuing and all future races at Leicester.

In some of the South American provinces it is considered a great compliment to be presented by a lady with a segar which she has half smoked, and an unpardonable affront to refuse it.

FEMALE EDITORS.—A COTERIE of ladies at Amsterdam are the editorial "WE" of the periodical paper, called the "Euphrosine." It was this paper which first proposed the creation of a NATIONAL COSTUME for the female liegers of the Dutch sovereign; and its example has been followed by the "Proteus," which is conducted by a COTERIE of gentlemen, and termed under the sign-manual, a Journal for the promotion of a NATIONAL COSTUME FOR GENTLEMEN, and the encouragement of National Industry." It promises speedily to bring forward sections and elevations for a genuine Dutch costume, which is to be wholly fashioned from native manufactures.

PARK.

Mr. Simpson's benefit at this theatre on Thursday was truly a "bumper." On this occasion, Mrs. Austin and Miss Hughes generously volunteered their services, and gave to the house an attraction that no lover of dulcet strains could possibly withstand.

The matchless powers of these two "Stars of the Opera," were put in requisition, under circumstances that created the liveliest interest. Far be it from us to say which of these enrapturing songsters bears the palm of victory from the other. The audience, however, were continually instituting comparisons—espousing the ravishing notes of one and the other as being unsurpassed, till the enthusiasm of the house overcame these invidious thoughts and carried away the melting listeners, wrapt in delight at the display of inimitable skill, by the combination of sweet sounds in the soul-thrilling duett by these peerless, and talented, and accomplished ladies.

Operas are now "all the go" at the Park. The Marriage of Figaro and Masaniello were the Operas selected by Mr. Simpson for the occasion, as giving scope to the entire display of the varied talents of his excellent company of stock actors. Mr. Jones, as Masaniello, justified the expectations of his friends, and sung with admirable effect. Mr. Richings, as Pietro, looked the very Prince of banditti, indeed the stature and bearing of Mr. R. give him great advantages in all characters designed to express the more heroic passions, while the contour of his face, garnished with a curling *mustache*, gives the precise expression of a brave, reckless, merciless outlaw.

The chorusses and dancing were warmly applauded and well deserved it.

The scenery in Masaniello was most splendid. "The Gardens of the Viceroy of Naples" compose a scene we never saw surpassed, while the "Picturesque Sea view" spreads out before our entranced vision, a glimpse of that unrivalled Bay that tourists and poets have so often and so happily described.

AMERICAN.

The beautiful and talented Miss VINCENT took her benefit on Monday last, and we are happy to say, the crowded house and hearty greeting with which she was welcomed, were commensurate to her great deservings.

This accomplished actress will continue to attract full houses so long as the "out-breakings of her bird-like spirit," accords so truly with the natural exhibitions of a light and good heart. Again we commend her to her "guardian genius."

Mr. Blanchard still "reigns" the very beau-ideal of all fun, frolic, and humor. The American during the whole week has been patronized by the admirers of the comic drama, and we need not add that full houses has been the "order of the day."

On Thursday night, Hamlet was received with reiterated applauses by an overflowing auditory. Hamblin as Hamlet—Blanchard as Polonius.

A VERY BAD MEMORY.—The following instance will prove that a retentive memory is not invariably of the best sort: A young man, 19 years of age, a few days ago, solicited a favor of a person in opulent circumstances, in this neighborhood. the answer was, "No, you have nothing to expect from me, until you return the ninepence your father charged me for the pound-age of my pigs, *thirty years ago this very day!*"—*North Devon Journal.*

The above reminds us of a story, which was related to us some years since, as matter of fact.

A Reverend Divine, called upon a merchant and addressed him thus: "I very well remember this day twenty years ago, your mother was buried on that day. [pause.] I preached her funeral sermon [long pause.] Your father agreed to give me two dollars, but only paid me one!" The Merchant, at the close of this *disinterested* reminiscence, threw a silver dollar upon the counter, which his reverence took up and placed in his pocket, with this very *generous* remark: "Thank ye, sir, this is better than nothing; interest would amount to considerable, *but I'll throw that on!*"—*N. H. Spectator.*

EXPENCES OF A KING.—Extract from a letter to the editor of the London Court Journal, dated Paris, December, 1831.

"The following anecdote may give you some idea of our ex king's extravagance, in matters that concerned his *penchant* for sporting. A marsh, plentifully stocked with wild fowl, especially ducks, bordered on one of the royal domains. The owner had been a sheep-feeder by profession, yet a very *wolf* in driving a bargain, and though in his career he had dealt with many sheep heads, had never yet transacted business with a crowned one. To this ex-*marchand de moutons*, the king despatched one of his gentlemen with full power to treat for the purchase of the aforesaid swamp. Monsieur de *Fleece* soon perceived the advantages of his relative position, and modestly demanded 30,000 francs for his land and water property which might be worth about 10,000 francs. *Le Gentilhomme* replied he would let his Majesty know. The next day came, and with it the Court-ambassador; but the price had been doubled in the interval, and *sixty thousand* francs was announced to be the very lowest farthing for which the marsh could be ceded to his majesty. The courtier once more withdrew to consult the royal Nimrod, and returned with full powers to conclude the affair at the last exorbitant price. M. *Fleece*, whose appetite grew more voracious at each delay, now swore he would have *ninety thousand* francs or nothing; The envoy was obliged to yield. The last named sum was counted down—the pen for signing the deed of sale was in the proprietor's hand, when suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and leaning over the table, he whispered into the courtier's ear—'*Ma femme pretend que ca vaut bien quelque chose de plus.*' *Qui donc?* 'Elle veut qu'on ma donne la croix d'honneur.' 'That's understood,' replied the *gentilhomme*, and 90,000 francs, with the Cross of Honor, were accorded for this duck-preserve, which after three days' shooting, was no longer thought of."

The following notice is fixed up at a coach-office in Paris: "Passengers are requested, if they get down, not to walk faster than the coach."

The Union Times (Pa.) of Friday says—"There is a young man now confined in our jail for a debt of *thirteen cents*, the costs of the suits against him amount to $8."

A GOOD HAUL.—Capt. James Hollis, at his landing on Pomonkey, a few miles below *Mount* Vernon, on the Maryland side of the Potomac river, took at a single haul one day last week *nine hundred and fifty-six thousand herrings* accurately counted.

A CLINCHER.—An American paper says this is the method of catching tigers in India:—A man carries a board, on which a human figure is painted; as soon as he arrives at the den he knocks behind the board with a hammer; the noise suddenly rouses the tiger, when he flies in a direct line at the board and grasps it, and the man behind it clinches his claws into the wood, and so secures him. *English pa.*

TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

From the Norfolk Herald.

On Thursday last, Frederick White, a farmer, of North Landing, Princess Anne County, called at our office and requested us to write an advertisement for him, the particulars of which as detailed by him, were so extraordinary that it was not until we had been at some trouble to obtain corroborative evidence of this statement, that we could venture to publish it.

His story was to this effect: A man named Simon Stone, of the same neighborhood, went to White's premises in his absence, on the 6th of February last, armed with a gun; concealed himself near the dwelling, and watching the opportunity which was offered by White's wife in going out some little distance from the house, seized her, and with threats of instant death if she resisted or gave any alarm, forced her away with him, with nothing but the clothes she had on, and no covering to her head but a handkerchief. On returning home, White learnt the astounding fact of his wife's abduction by Stone, from his mother-in-law, and he instantly went in pursuit of her and her ravisher. He traced them to Norfolk, where, to his great grief and disappointment, after some time spent in fruitless inquiries, he learnt that he had left in a packet for the Eastern Shore. Dejected and despairing of ever seeing her again, he returned home to his now desolate dwelling. On the 19th Feb. however, his lost treasure was restored; his wife returned to his arms: but forlorn and emaciated from distress of mind and bodily sickness. She affirmed the fact of the threats of violence used by Stone to make her go along with him, and which had so alarmed her that she durst not resist or call aloud for help. Thus overcome by her fears she remained passive, and submitted to his unchaste embraces, as to the alternative, as she believed, of life and death, until she found an opportunity to make her escape from his brutal duress.

The fond, doating husband, received her again to his bosom, almost forgetting the horrors of the past in bright anticipations of future happiness which beamed upon his heart,—when lo! on the 30th of March, only six weeks after, the modern Tarquin again came suddenly upon Mrs. White as she was cutting a pine broom from a thicket near her dwelling, and, armed as before, with a gun, again forced her from her family and carried her off! Again the distracted husband pursued them to Norfolk, and fortunately arrived just in time to prevent a second trip to the Eastern Shore; which he did by rescuing his wife; though Stone disappeared before a warrant could be taken out for his arrest; somewhat soothed, however, by the recovery of his wife, the dearest jewel of his soul, he gave up the pursuit of the cruel disturber of his peace.

Will the reader believe it? 'Tis almost incredible, but nevertheless true—a third time—yes, a third time did the persevering spoiler of the peace of an inoffensive family return to the charge! On Tuesday week, he entered the dwelling of White, who was absent, and with violent threats and menaces forced away with him the wretched victim of his brutality, in spite of the remonstrances of her aged mother, and the cries of her infant child.

Driven almost to madness by this monstrous, this reiterated outrage, the deeply injured husband once more pursued the absconding pair, but unable to gain any tidings of them, he resolved to make his case known to the public by an advertisement, which was accordingly done in our last Friday's paper.

Returning home, where he arrived on Thursday afternoon he was told by his mother-in-law that his wife had been brought home in his absence by Stone, but that the monster had permitted her to stay only until she took some refreshment. It was in vain that she implored him to let her remain with her family; with a demoniac laugh he bade her come along with him, instantly, or he would shoot her on the spot. The wretched woman however found an opportunity to let her mother know that her husband might find her that night at a *hog pen* in which she and Stone had slept the night before (the situation of which she described,) or if not there, they would certainly be at one Johnson Henley's, a few miles off.

Accordingly White repaired to the *hog pen*, but not finding them there, proceeded to Henley's, where he learnt that they were expected to sup and lodge that night, but that they had not then arrived. White then called on a constable, having previously provided himself with a warrant, and told him where Stone might be taken, directing him to be at Henley's very early in the morning, before Stone should be stirring. He then returned to reconnoitre Henley's house, and saw through a window his wife and Stone, seated at the supper table. He continued to watch them until he saw them both leave the table and go up stairs together, when he returned for the constable. In the morning, before sun rise, White, who had with him a musket loaded with a ball and buck shot, the constable, and three or four other persons, assembled in Henley's yard. Stone was immediately apprised of their arrival, by Henley; and seizing his gun, he rushed down stairs and out at the back door.

The alarm was instantly given to those in front of the house, that Stone was making off, when White ran round to the back of the house to head him. Stone, though some distance off, on seeing White, wheeled, and leveled his gun at him—it was an awful moment for White!—He saw the man who had poisoned his happiness and robbed him of his peace, in the very act of consummating the injuries he had inflicted, by taking his life! Yet, nothing daunted, he pushed forward. The "click" of his adversary's gun was heard; but White's better genius prevailed—the gun missed fire. Without waiting for a second aim, Stone pursued his way a few steps further, when, in turning to observe White, he struck his foot against a fence rail and fell over it. White was then within thirty yards of it, and pointing his gun at Stone, fired as he rose. Stone received nearly the whole charge in his hip; the ball and some of the shot, from the position he was in, passing through the kidneys. Though mortally wounded, he did not fall, but preserving his position, again levelled the fatal tube at his antagonist—and again it missed fire. He then fell; but summoning all his strength, he raised himself on his elbow, and once more essayed to fire his piece, but still it deceived him; he then sank prone and senseless upon the ground, and expired in a few hours after, clinging to his gun the while with a death grasp.

White has been taken into custody until an examining court can be convened on his case, when, it is presumed, he will be admitted to bail.

Stone was only 23 years of age, rather under the middle size, with a physiognomy that might have put any cautious man on his guard, and a character of the most profligate stamp. He had married at the age of 21, a dumb woman, who was much his senior, in consideration of a small plantation, which she possessed; and having sold it, he no longer regarded his matrimonial obligations. He had been a frequent visitor at White's, and had taken liberties with his wife, which were not considered within the pale of propriety, and which had induced White to forbid him his house.

Mrs. White is 32 years of age, of a pale and sickly cast of countenance, and possessing none of those fascinating qualities which might be judged sufficient to ensnare one of the other sex to his ruin.

White bears the character of an inoffensive man, passionately attached to his wife, as has been shown, though somewhat stinted both in his corporeal and intellectual dimensions.

PROSPECT OF AN "OVERFLOWING HOUSE." We learn, verbally, that the Federal-street Theatre is to be converted into a Calisthenium, or work-house for indolent females. We understand that all ladies who are found walking in the public streets, except on Sundays, or in cases of urgent necessity, are to be apprehended and lodged in the Calisthenium, until such time as their husbands, parents or friends shall pay $20 for their release. During their residence at the Federal-street penitentiary, they will be put under diet, and such a course of gentle exercise, as shall insure their return to the domestic circle free from all the defects of early education. The plan is novel, and worthy of a fair experiment.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN ALMOST INCREDIBLE LEAP.—We understand that a few days since, just as a boat freighted with iron and other articles, had turned the summit of the inclined plane on her descent at Boonton Falls, the chain broke, and the car being thus freed from the restraints of machinery, descended to the foot of the plane with great speed, giving the boat such a hasty plunge in the water that when she rose on the swell thus created, it carried her quite over the tow-path at the bend of the canal near the plane, and precipitated her down a rocky precipice about two hundred feet, where she now lies a heap of ruins, not worth picking up. So high was she raised by the swell, and so rapid her flight, that she scarcely touched the tow-path or any thing else, until she struck upon a rock thirty or forty feet below the canal, and broke in two near the centre. The two parts then continued to descend among the rocks to where they now lay. The most incredible and remarkable part of the story is, that there were four persons aboard, a woman and three children, who went down the precipice with the boat, neither of whom received any material injury. The captain and hands probably went on shore to walk down the plane, which is frequently the case.—*Newark Eagle.*

N. B. Any body may cabbage our *items*.—*N. Y. Traveller.*

COFFINS OF UNTIMELY FOWLS.—The individual who sold eggs at our Bachelor's Hall yesterday morning, is informed that he cheated himself, inasmuch as he gave us some *half dozen chickens* into the bargain. Our readers must excuse the egotism of this item.

WELL-DOING.—A woman in Topsham lately tumbled into a well. Fortunately she did not "kick the bucket," though she nursed *pale*.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.—The legislature of Ohio have chartered a company to construct a bridge over the Ohio at Louisville. The cost of this work is estimated at *five millions of dollars*. *Abridge it*, gentlemen.

NAKED TRUTH.—"Adam and Eve," is announced at one of the French theatres, with the *original* costume! Adam will find the weather rather warm for a *bear*-skin, and Eve will see the propriety of "turning over a *new* leaf."

"GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY."—We were met last evening by a drunken sailor who managed to monopolise the side-walk. Vexed at the difficulty of passing, we hastily inquired where the d—l he was going. "It's quite uncertain," was the reply.

BUTTER. On Saturday fresh butter was sold in Boston market at from 28 to 30 cents per lb.

PHYSICIANS.—There are in the several cities and towns of New York, two thousand five hundred and eighty practising physicians.

MARRIED. In Richmond, John Beale, a soldier in Pulaski's legion during the revolutionary war, to Elizabeth Hardgrove, aged 18. Miss *Hard-grove* probably found Mr. Beale a "tough old stick."

A dead body has been found in the woods in the western part of Pennsylvania, with boots and spurs on. Various conjectures are abroad about the mode of death of the deceased. He died of a *galloping* consumption.

Peach trees blossomed in Springfield on the 9th, eighteen days later than last year. The trees which were considered as killed by the severity of the winter, are now putting out finely, and bid fair to survive the shock.

LAUNCH OF A STEAM BOAT AND SHIP.—The beautiful Steam Boat Splendid, was launched on Saturday at 7 o'clock. She is about two hundred tons, 130 feet in length, and built expressly by Messrs. Smith, Demon and Comstock, for the New Haven Company, to run in line with the Super

N E W-Y O R K.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

The following article was lately given us by a *queer 'un*, who assures us it was taken from an old city paper some years since, and written by the late John B. Skillman, Esq. Our readers should not lack fun, if our present Police afforded such "scenes of real life."

Closing scene of Christmas Sports.

SETTLING ACCOUNTS.—"I am willing, said a respectable young man, perfectly willing to settle this affair with you—what do you say?"

This was addressed to a black fellow who had a pale yellow handke rchief tied about his head, a patch on his cheek, and every now and then was putting his hand to his forehead.

"Wy," said he, "as for dat matter, do ye see, I doesn't want for to go to law—its dam expensive law."

"Well," said the other, "shall I give you five dollars? Will that content you?"

The black fellow scratched the sound corner of his head, set himself to calculating the value of the *"licks,"* as he called them, he had got, and then said, "I tink ten dollars, and fifty cents is de worth of de matter."

"How do you make that out?" asked the other.

"Wy," said the black, putting his right fore finger on his left thumb—"Wy," said he, "dere's de lick on de head, woth five dollars of York money—one on de check I only charge tree dollars—dog cheap! and den dere's de scratch well woth two dollars—put altogether, dey make a sum totey of ten dollars, all cheap, I sure you."

"I'll do no such thing," said the other, "I'll not give you ten dollars, I can get as good fellows as you are, to thrash at five dollars a head."

"Oh! berry well, take de law den, I won't bate a cent."

After a good deal of higgling about the actual value of the *licks*, the young man paid the fellow and went off saying, "you are an unconscionable dog. If I ever catch you again, I'll take the worth of my money out of you."

The black fellow put the money in his hand turned it over and over, smiled at it, when on a sudden, a thought struck him. He ran after the aggressor, who had just passed the corner of the outer door. "Hullow," said he, "I forget de kick I forget de kick you gave me on de skin—a kick wuth twelve shilling." The other turned round. "If you are not satisfied with what I have already given you, depend upon it, you greedy rascal, I will give you kick worth twenty dollars. Be gone, sirrah! After some consideration, blacky put up with this reply in hisbest style, put his ten dollars in his pocket, and began to whistle off."

BETRAYED BY A WAITER.—An incident of a somewhat ludicrous nature, took place a day or two since in an auction store in Broadway. A female, in lady-like attire, entered during the sale of household wares, &c. and in a few moments, after viewing the different exposed articles, her eyes sparkled and her heart gladdened at the appearance of a waiter of the circumference of about eight and twenty inches. Her mind was immediately and actively employed in contriving, and while viewing with profound delight the different shades of coloring, which adorned the article, she was observed to heedlessly drop it upon a chair, and gently adjusting her robes quietly seated herself amongst the *bidding* multitude. After being seated, and little thinking the eyes of any one were upon her, she arose and was on the eve of departure, when the *man of the hammer* discovered that the waiter was missing. He immediately accused the *apparent lady* of theft, which naturally was by her denied, but on the striking of a rattan, which he fortunately held in his hand against her unmentionables, the mystery was solved, the blow having produced a great concussion, and the waiter instantly dropping from its sequestered spot, afforded much amusement to numerous witnesses. The female departed without being legally dealt with; the mortification being considered sufficient punishment.

AN ADROIT THIEF.—About two months ago several hundred dollars were stolen from the drawer in the bar of the City Hotel, after the house had been closed for the night, and a watch set to guard the premises. A waiter, named John Kelly, who had been in the hotel a short time, was suspected to be the depredator, but as no positive proof could be adduced against him, Mr. Jennings, the proprietor, could only discharge him from his employ. On Thursday night last, the drawer was robbed in the same manner of about $400, viz.—a $300 post note, and about $100 in small notes. The house being securely fastened, and a watchman placed inside, the presumption was that no person could have committed the robbery, but one who was well acquainted with the premises. Mr. Jennings called at the different Lottery Offices in Broadway, and while describing the post note to Mr. Bush, the latter recollected that he had changed the same for a waiter at the *American* Hotel, named John Kelly. At the time of changing the note, Mr. Bush did not suspect any thing wrong, because waiters are in the habit of going out to get money changed. On Saturday morning, Kelly was arrested by the Police Officer. On his way to the office, he threw away the money he had received in exchange, and made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to escape.

It is unaccountable how the fellow entered the Hotel to commit the robbery, unless he went in before the house was closed, concealed himself, and left when the house was opened in the morning. He is fully committed for trial.—*Journal of Commerce.*

STABBING.—A man named Crawford was arrested and fully committed for trial yesterday, on a charge of having stabbed a colored man named Johnson, who kept an oyster cellar in Chatham-street near the former theatre. The parties it appears, had a quarrel on Monday night; about the price of some oysters, when the colored man struck Crawford, and the latter immediately plunged the knife he had been using with his oysters, into the body of Johnson. It is supposed that Johnson cannot recover from the wound.

GENERAL SESSIONS.

David Birdsell, *alias* Williamson, *alias* Jas. S. Decatur, *alias* Barron, was indicted for stealing a watch, the property of Mr. Wing, from the American Hotel, where he boarded. The prisoner is a young man of genteel appearance, aged about 20 years, and the son of a respectable farmer in Ulster county. The watch was stolen at a time that the prisoner had lodged in the same room with Mr. Wing.

The proof, however, that the prisoner was the thief, was not sufficiently clear, and the jury acquitted him.

The prisoner was then arraigned on a charge of having stolen a frock coat from the Exchange Hotel, where he boarded.

The prisoner confessed to Mr. Howard the keeper of the Exchange Hotel, but the coat was recovered in consequence of this confession.

On the other side it was alleged that this confession was given under threats. It however appeared that after Mr. Howard had learned that the prisoner was guilty, he was willing to hush the matter up, and actually sent the offender to the residence of his father, under the guidance of a young man to whom he gave $15 for his trouble. When they had reached Newburgh, the prisoner got up in the morning while his keeper slept, and robbed him of $15, leaving him without money to carry him home.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty of Grand Larceny.

POLICE.—Yesterday, Mr. Abrams who has frequently rendered efficent aid to the Police of our city, was very seriously injured by a kick from a riotous prisoner whom he had been aiding one of the Police officers to secure.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE CASE OF BULLOCK.—This case came on to-day, and after a patient hearing of twenty minutes, it was settled satisfactorily—that is as such matters are usually settled, all the satisfaction on one side; but Bullock, having no appeal, was forced to pocket his choler, and sit down under his grievances with patience. The circumstances are as follows:—Bullock was observed in the street sitting on a fireplug, and talking with great vehemence to a neighboring pump, which he dignified by the name of Sam Burns. Who Sam Burns may be is unknown to the reporter; but it is supposed from Bullock's mistake, that he is a stupid old pump. "Sam Burns,' said B——, 'I am an Englishman, and not to be bamboozled at this time of day; but before we enter into discussion let us settle preliminaries. You owe me, Sam, the slack of five dollars, and if it is agreeable, I shall not take it as an affront to see it planked down forthwith.—I am poverty stricken, and have six sons, two daughters, a wife, myself, and a bob-tailed bull terrier to take care of—eleven in number. This is a land of liberty, and I leave you to do as you like, but my boy if you don't pay me now, I'll thump you to the value of five dollars, and enter satisfaction on your noddle.' Suiting the action to the word, Bullock dashed against the pump, striking out right and left, but unfortunately as he kept no guard, the pump handle gave him a *facer*, which floored him; and there lay Bullock like Garrick between tragedy and comedy, half in the kennel and half upon the curb stone. He shouted murder, foul play, at the top of his voice, until the watch who had been observing his operations, crossed the street, picked him up, and intimated the necessity of his going to the watch house. Bullock objected vehemently, and accusing the watch of being friendly to Sammy Burns, and threatened to shake him until he rattled like a bag of dried beans. It was a vain hope, and Bullock per force went to the watch house. In the morning he persisted in the truth of his having had a fight with Sammy Burns, and showed the proof of it in legible characters upon his face. His bruises, however, were no set-off to the charge, and he was fined for being drunk.

ENLIGHTENED WITNESS.—We find in the report of a trial at the Lancaster assizes the following dialogue occurring in the cross-examination of a witness. It could not be matched at a display of ignorance:—

Mr. Pollock—Go on.

Witness—Aye, ask me a question, and then I will.

Why did you go to the church on that day? My brother buried a child on the Thursday before, so I went on the Sunday after. I thought it decent, I have not been since, nor don't mean; so now you have it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Pollock—Witness, now tell me the truth? I have told you the truth. Ye want me to tell you lees (lies,) but I won't. (Laughter.)

Do you know the plaintiff's attorney? What sort of a thing is an attorney? (Laughter)

Do you know his lawyer then? I don't know what a lawyer is. I should not know what ye are if I had not seen ye. I never seed a lawyer yet. (Violent laughing.) I never was anent magistrates afore. I don't know what ye all are, with the white things on your heads there, by the look of you. (Violent uproar.)

Have you not been examined about this? Examined! What d'ye call examined? I told it all to that man there, (pointing to the attorney) if ye call him a lawyer.

There is a modesty in a *pro tem.* editor who declares himself "every way competent to manage" a paper, which ought to entitle him and his opinions to great consideration. "Hurrah for *I.*"

An Irishman who had commenced building a wall round his lot of rather uncommon dimensions, viz. four feet high and six feet thick, being asked his reason for having it so thick, replied—to save repairs, my honey. Dont you see that if it should ever fall down, it would be higher than it is now."

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Another "Unfeeling Father."—The neighborhood of Fourth street, in the Northern liberties, was thrown into considerable alarm on Sunday morning last, by the violent screaming of a young lady, whose unmanly and brutal father was beating her most shamefully, and finally tore a great portion of her dress entirely off. The interference of the neighbours, however, prevented her from receiving further unmerited abuse at his hands. Her grandmother, a very respectable and praiseworthy old lady, hearing with indignation the mal-treatment she had met with, proffered her a home, and a safe asylum from such ruffianly attacks, which was joyfully accepted. The young lady is said to be of most amiable disposition, and beloved by all who know her. The only crime alleged against her by her father, is her partiality for a worthy young man, who has long cherished a reciprocal regard for her. The fathers of both parties are conspicuous members of the same religious society, and till recently every prospect was favourable to to the completion of the wishes of the young couple; and her father had particularly countenanced his addresses, till, upon a slight provocation, reckless of the happiness of his amiable daughter, he commenced a system of relentless persecution against them, forbidding him to enter his house or her to meet him, and upon her non-compliance with his unreasonable commands, he thus repeatedly outraged justice and mercy. Such a being should suffer "bread and water," for at least half a century.—*Philad. Chronicle.*

NEW STEAMBOAT GENERAL LINCOLN.—The harbor of Boston is soon to receive one of the most splendid, and, for its size, the most commodious steamboats which now float in the American waters; and, if the expectations of all who have examined her are not greatly disappointed, her beauty and commodiousness will not surpass her speed. She was built by Holloway & Co. expressly for the Boston and Hingham Steamboat Company, and is intended to ply regularly between those places. The Company have also the completed a large and convenient Hotel, on a beautiful eminence near Hingham harbor, commanding an extensive view of the bay and surrounding country. We predict that the liberality and good taste evinced by the proprietors, both in the "Old Colony House" and in floating palace "*General Lincoln*" will be rewarded; and that a *promenade sour l'eau* to Hingham, will be one of the most fashionable and most delightful excursions of the approaching summer.—*Boston Advertiser.*

We learn by the Pottsville Miner's Journal of Saturday last, that on the night of Thursday last a nefarious attempt was made to destroy by fire the village of Port Carbon. Six valuable buildings were totally destroyed, and five additional houses were more or less injured—but happly rescued by the timely exertions of the citizens. No doubts remain of its having been the act of an incendiary or incendiaries. The fire broke out simultaneously in unmanned buildings in different parts of the town. The door of one of the buildings saved showed an auger hole through which combustibles, consisting of flannel and brown paper, saturated with spirits of turpentine, had been introduced.

A reward of $150 dollars has been offered by the citizens of Pottsville and Port Carbon for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons engaged in the act.

The same paper also relates a melancholy accident produced by this circumstance. A man named Stephen Stapleton, was killed by being run over by an engine.

PEABODY'S VIEWS of the city of New York, and its environs, four numbers of which have appeared are really splendid specimens of the art. Part I, contains a beautifully executed title page or frontispiece, and two plates containing four engravings—viz: a view of New York—Broadway from the Park—Bowling Green—Residence of Philip Hone, Esq. Part II., two plates—four views—viz: City Hall—Navy Yard—Leroy Place—Shot Tower. Part III., two plates—four views—Elysium Fields, Hoboken—City Hotel—Trinity and Grace Churches—Lunatic Asylum—Merchant's Room, Exchange. Part IV., two plates—four views—Washington Insitute and City Reservoir—Hudson River from Hoboken—Coffee House Slip—Park Theatre, Park Row. These views are to comprise public buildings, churches, principal streets, institutions, squares, private residences, public promenades, shipping, dock yards, river scenery and whatever else may be considered interesting or worthy of notice, from accurate, characteristic and picturesque drawings, taken from the objects themselves, expressly for this work.—*N. Y. Traveller.*

A PROFLIGATE—On Saturday se'nnight, a purchase of £50,000. consols was made on the Stock Exchange, on account of the property of a Mr. Innis, a Scotch gentleman, lately deceased, who has left no less than fifty-seven natural children behind him. Having died intestate, his unfortunate offspring are not entitled to a single shilling of his property, which descends to an aged and distant relation. The legacy duty is £13,000.

A distingui-hed gentleman of Pennsylvania whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, whereby his nose and chin were brought near together, was told, "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long; they approach each other very menacingly." "I am afraid of it myself," replied the gentleman, "for a great many words have passed between them already."

A most daring attempt at *incendiarism* has taken place at Port Carbon, Pa. A new and spacious hotel, yet unoccupied, a tavern and four dwelling houses were entirely consumed. Several other houses, in another part of the place were almost simultaneously set on fire, but were saved by the exertions of the citizens. These circumstances leave no doubt of the work of incendiaries; but at the last dates the wretches had not been discovered. A poor but honest and respectable man named Stapleton lost his life through his exertions to arrest the progress of the flames. He was crushed by an Engine which became unmanageable in going down a declivity.

Lowell Jour.

EPIGRAM.—On a single lady, who having passed the grand climacteric, was notwithstanding, generally addressed by the appellation of Miss.

Come tell me dear Bob, come tell me I pray,
Why Eliza's still *Miss'd* at three score?"
Quoth Bob, "I don't know; but this I will say,
When gone, she will be *Miss'd* more."

EXPLOSION.—Yesterday morning, the boiler of a small steam engine lately erected in the chemical laboratory of Messrs. Locke & Bartlett, 51 Provost-st., burst with a tremendous noise; but, although its fragments and the boiling water were propelled in every direction, no personal injury occurred with the exception of a slight scald received by Mr. Bartley.

Counterfeit five dollar bills of the Merchants Bank in Providence, are in circulation. They are remarkably well executed, and nothing in their appearance would excite suspicion of their genuineness.

BOARDING.

VILLAGE Union Tavern, corner of Greenwich Lane, Christopher-street, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs the public that the Tavern Department of the above house is stocked with the best Wines, Liquors, and Cordials, Beer, Cider, &c.; and the Boarding, which is entirely separate from the Tavern, and conducted by Mrs. Traphagen, will be found equal to any in the City.

Emigrants arriving" in this City will find the above place a desirable and pleasant retreat, being out of the noise and bustle, and situated in a most thriving and flourishing neighborhood.

For the convenience of Old Countrymen, a book will be kept for the insertion of the names of those wishing employment; and every exertion will be used on the part of the subscriber in obtaining situations, and rendering such service as applicants may require. Circulars will be sent to every manufacturing town in the United States requesting employers in want of mechanics and others, to address a line, by post, to the subscriber, thereby opening a correspondence, which will eventually prove a service to the emigrant, and a benefit to the public at large.

The whole will be conducted gratuitously, and on a plan which will give general satisfaction.

European News-papers thankfully received.

N. B. Job Printing and Sign Painting neatly executed at the above place.

J. NEEDHAM.

E. WHITE AND WILLIAM HAGAR, respectfully informs the Printers of the United States, to whom they have long been individually known as established Letter Founders, that they have now formed a co-partnership in said business, and hope from their united skill, and extensive experience, to be able to give full satisfaction to all who may favor them with orders.

The introduction of machinary, in place of the tedious and unhealthy process of casting type by hand, long a desideratum by the European and American Foundrys, was, by American ingenuity, and a heavy expenditure of time and money on the part of our senior partner, first successfully accomplished. Extensive use of the machine cast letter, has fully tested and established its superiority in every particular, over that cast by the old process.

The Letter Foundery business will hereafter be carried on by the parties before named, under the firm of WHITE, HAGAR & CO.—Their specimen exhibits a complete series from Diamond to 14 lines Pica. The book and news type being in the most modern light and style.

WHITE, HAGAR & CO. are agents for the sale of the *Smith and Rust Printing Presses*, which they can furnish to their customers at the manufacturers' prices. Chases, Cases, Composing Sticks, Ink, and every article used in the Printing Business kept on sale, and furnished on short notice. Old Type taken in exchange for new at 9 cents per pound.

N. B. News-paper Proprietors who give the above three insertions, will be entitled to Five Dollars in such articles as they may select from our specimen. E. WHITE.

m 12 WM. HAGAR.

NEW BOOK STORE.

No. 16, Exchange-Buildings,

ST. CLAIR-STREET PITTSBURGH, PA.

S. J. SYLVESTER, has lately received ONE HUNDRED CASES OF BOOKS, comprising a complete assortment in every department of Literature, which he will sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any *other house* in the western country. Dealers can save considerable, by making their purchases this side of the mountains, in carriage, and receive their books in ter order.

300 Family Bibles,
200 Octavo do.
500 School do.
1000 Testaments,
500 Daboll's Arithmetics,
1000 Walker's Dictionary, school edition,
500 Ovid's Art of Love,
960 Life of Benjamin Franklin,
200 Cowper's Poems, 3 vols.
200 Milton's Works, 2 vols.
200 do. Paradise Lost,
200 do. do. Regained,
1000 Dream books,
1000 Letter Writers,
500 Elizabeth or Exile of Siberia,
300 Pamela or Virtue Rewarded,
106 Dick's Christian Philosopher,
100 do. Philosophy of Religion,
100 do. Future State,
200 McKenzie's 5000 Receipts,
200 Buck's Theological Dictionary,

A L S O,

Lord Byron's works in two vols.
do. Library edition, elegantly bound,
Sterne's works, do. do
Cowper's and Thompsons, do. do
Young's, Milton's, Gray's, Beattie's and Collin's works, elegantly bound;
Rogers's, Campbell's Lamb's Montgomery's
Kirks, White's do do.
Heman's Hebert's, and Pollock's do
Goldsmith's do. elegantly bound,
Scott's poetical do do.
Moore's do do do.
Pope's do do do.
Tatler's and Gaurdean's do. do.
Paley's works, do do.
Spectator, do do.
Arabian Nights, do do.
Hunter's Sacred Biography, do. do.
Newton on the Prophecies.

☞ A complete assortment of Theological, Law, Medical, School, Blank and Miscellaneous books.—*ALSO*, Playing Cards, Quills, Eastern Writing Paper in Large or small quantities.

Pittsburgh, April 2nd 1832.

Fishing and Fowling Tackle STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets, and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Leading and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS.

No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church.

☞ *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

Hardware & Fishing Tackle STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

Edwards on Revivals.

A NEAT and Handsome Edition on fine linen paper 1 vol. 8vo. with a full general index, and a portrait of the author.

A fresh supply of Writing paper, Letter and Cap, Folio Post, Wrapping paper large and small, with a good assortment of *Stationary* at Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest Cash prices, for sale by DUNNING & SPALDING,
60 William Street.

Robert N. White,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

ANTHONY BOUTETTE, Fashionable Hair Dresser and Perfumer, No. 44 CANAL ST. 4 doors east of Broadway. Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of *Perfumery* which he offers on the lowest terms.

His improved composition for coloring the Hair to a beautiful Brown, is well worthy the notice of the Public.

N. B. Razors put in complete order at the shortest notice.

S. D. CHILDS,

Engraver on Wood, No. 67 Liberty-street,
NEW-YORK.

A. COX, Jr.

STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET,
ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY,

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast- clothes. j14

R. N. WHITE,

Engraver on Wood,

No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

Commission and Exchange OFFICE,

130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c., payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYLVESTER.

Bignall's Prize Office,

144 Broadway.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed a BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

BOOTS, SHOES, & CAPS.

500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season

2000 pair Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do second quality do do
5000 do do thick pegged and sewed Boots.
5000 do do kip Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do fine sewed Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Gentlemen's calf do do
3000 do Boys' thick do do
1000 do do fine sewed do do
2000 do Women's prime lace leather walking Shoes.
2000 do do sewed and pegged leather Boots.
1000 do do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots.
1000 do do Lasting do do
500 do do half beeked Roans.
1000 do Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers.
2000 do do Buckskin do do
3000 do do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Misses lasting and morocco Shoes.
5000 do Children's leather, do do

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

GEO. W. HOLLAND,
120 Water Street.

BEHEAN,

HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 111 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

WM. MATTHEWS, manufacturer of WALKING CANES, in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty-street.

N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Fruiture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

SPRING RACES.

☞ The Secretaries of the different Jockey Clubs throughout the country will confer a favor on the editors of the *Spirit of the Times*, by forwarding the result of Races, at the earliest opportunity after their termination.

UNION COURSE, L. Island.

THE Spring Races, under the direction of the Stewards will take place over the Union Course, on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th days of May next.

1st day, Purse of $200, heats of 2 miles
2d " do. 500, do. 4 do.
3d " do. 300, do. 1 do.

RACES.

THE Harpers Ferry and Bolivar Jockey Club Races will commence on Wednesday, 30th of May next, when the Club will offer a purse of $100, to be run for by three-year old colts: each horse entered, to pay the sum of $25 to be included in the above purse; two mile heats. On Thursday the 31st May, a purse of $150 three mile heats. And on Friday 1st June, a purse of $250, four mile heats.

The above races to be governed by the rules of the Baltimore Central Course; four horses to be entered each day, or no race; free for any nag, the winning horse of each day excepted; the colts to be entered by the 1st May, and named the evening before the race. ap 25.

BALTIMORE RACES—*over the Central Course*—Spring Meeting, 1832, will commence on the last *Tuesday* in May, (29th) and continue four days.

First day—first race, (to start at 12 o'clock precisely,) a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old—mile heats—entrance, $100, half forfeit—four or more to make a race. Seven subscribers, and closed.

Second race, a post sweepstakes with colts and fillies, three years old—mile heats—entrance $200 p. p.—four or more to make a race. To close 1st May—four subscribers.

Second day, a post sweepstakes for all ages—entrance $250, p. p.—four mile heats—four or more to make a race—the proprietor to add $500. To close 1st of May—four subscribers.

Third day, proprietor's purse, $500, three mile heats—entrance, $20.

Fourth day, jockey club purse, $1000—four mile heats—entrance $25.

A Ladies Cup will also be run for—the day to fixed hereafter. J. M. SELDEN Proprietor.

It will be seen by the above, that the Post Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, $200, p. p., will close on the first of the next month. We have little doubt, but there will be five or six subscribers, and the purse, in this case not less than $1000. The Post Sweepstakes for all ages, $250 p. p., will close on the first of next month (May.) The purse in that case amounts already to $1500.

P. S. Persons subscribing will be in time, if their letter addressed to the Editor of the Sporting Magazine should bear the post mark of the 1st May.

Gloucester Campfield Races.

WILL commence on Wednesday the 30th day of May.—*First day*, a sweepstake, mile heats, for Lafayette colts—4 entries, and closed. Same day, a sweepstake, for colts and fillies not exceeding 4 years old, that have never won a race on any established course—mile heats, $50 entrance.

Second day, post stake, two mile heats, $50 entrance—4 or more to any.

Third day, Jockey Club Purse, three mile heats money up, subject to a discount of 10 per cent. Purse $250—twenty dollars entrance to be added to the Purse.

Fourth day,—mile heats, best 3 in five, for money received at the gate—entrance $15.

GREENSBURGH CENTRAL COURSE

THE Greensburgh Jockey Club deem it advisable to inform the raisers of fine horses, that they have a coursing ground adjoining Greensburgh, which will be made an accurate mile three feet from the inner edge, and put into fine order the ensuing fall—From the central situation of the course being 110 miles from Nashville, 90 from Lexington, and 85 from Louisville, the principal racing points, it offers many advantages as a convenient place of concentration between the racers of those cities.

Understanding that there is a likelihood of being a match race made between the gentlemen of Tennessee and those of Kentucky, the Greensburgh Jockey Club recommend the above named course as a convenient place of meeting, and together with the proprietor of the course, pledge themselves it shall be made equal to any racing ground in the west.

The Club have a respectable purse for an early day in October; but in the event of the proposed race being run over their course, they will conform to any time which may suit the convenience of the parties.

Good accommodations for horses will be provided. By order of the Club.

Nashville Spring Races.

A SWEEPSTAKE race is purposed, $200 entrance—2 miles and repeat—3 year old colts—on Wednesday 30th of May.

And one for $100 entrance—one mile and repeat—3 years old—on Thursday 31st May—to close by the first day of May.

The Proprietor will put up a purse of $200, on Friday, free for all ages.

Any person wishing to enter in either Stake can do so by addressing the Proprietor, naming their colt, color and blood.

m 19 P. W. LONG.

LAWRENCEVILLE SPRING RACES for 1832—Will commence on the last Tuesday in May, being the 29th, and continue four days—

1st. A sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies—1 mile heats for $100, half forfeit, to close 20th day of April, 3 or more to make a race—3 entered.

2nd. The Proprietor's Purse for $250—2 miles heats—entrance $15.

3rd. The Jockey Club Purse for $500, no discount—4 mile heats—entrance $20.

4th. For the surplus of the Jockey Club subscriptions—2 mile heats—entrance $30, to be added to the Purse. This Purse is supposed to be worth $250.

Stables and Litter furnished race horses gratis.

The Proprietor pledges himself to have the track in good order, and to use his best exertions to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their company.

m19 GEO. GOODWIN.

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business; they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 19 JAMES MOORE.

Books, Engravings,

Drawing Materials, Stationary, Fancy Goods
Periodical Publications, etc. etc. etc.
219 BROADWAY,
Directly opposite Scudder's American Museum.

PEABODY & CO., Proprietors of this establishment, *import direct from London and Paris*, the most superb goods of the various descriptions named at the head of this sheet; to which they invite the attention of those who wish the best quality of goods, the whole of which are sold at the lowest advance on the importation cost. Dealers, principals of academies, and artists, supplied on liberal terms.

London and American Books—All the new and fashionable publications of the day, received as soon as published—*London Books* imported to order—*American Works* sold at very low rates, at wholesale or retail, for cash or credit.

Periodical Publications—Peabody & Co. are agents for several standard and popular *Foreign Magazines*; also for many of the best American Periodicals.

Engravings. Constantly for sale, a large collection of engravings, comprising the most choice works of James Heath, Charles Heath, Finden, Landseer, Phillips, Turner, Say, Maile, Jazet, Rolls, Smith, Doo, and others of equal celebrity. Also sporting and humorous Prints, Views, Marine pieces, &c.

Stationary Articles—Letter paper, extra glazed Bath gilt; Bath, gilt; do. plain; large post, gilt; French, thick post, gilt; do. thin, do. Donaldson's rose, lemon, blue, and white, perfumed and gilt; Donaldson's rose and lemon, plain; Donaldson's laid, perfumed and gilt, lemon and white; fine vellum, blue and white.

Foolscap Paper, fine and ordinary.

Note paper. Bath embossed, tinted and gilt 8vo and quarto; Bath, tinted and gilt; Bath, 8vo gilt; do. quarto, gilt; Donaldson's perfumed, rose lemon, blue and white.

Perfumed note Sealing Wax, assorted colors, in boxes of 6 and 12 sticks.

Note and letter Sealing Wax, assorted colours, very fine—Wafers, in boxes and in quantities.—Superior made Pens; Mordan's ivory and ebony Pen Holders.

Portable Pens, in boxes, plain; do. do. in white wood boxes, with painted lids.

Mordan's Portable pens, in boxes.

Mordan's complete Morocco writing boxes with 100 pens, wafers, sealing wax, pencil, pen holder, and ink glass, very complete and portable.

Elegant Morocco and calf skin letter Portfolios, with pockets, blotter and lock, embossed and plain; rosewood rulers, with pencil, India rubber and letter stamp; India rubber; India carved ivory and plain paper folders; Mother of Pearl do.; Ordinary do.

Medallion wafers, heads and figures; Mother of pearl and ivory seals; seals with heads, figures, &c.; Inkstands, fancy, great variety; do. rich rosewood buhl'd Library complete, very elegant; do. mahogany do.

Rosewood buhl'd writing boxes, with wafers, sealing wax, pens, ink glasses, &c.

Writing Desks, splendid rosewood and mahogany, pearl and brass buhl'd various patterns and sizes, &c.

Fancy Articles. Card racks, plain and embellished; shell card racks.

Fire Screens, plain and embellished; great variety; mantle ornaments; Match cups; Match figures; watch stands; splendid buhl'd do.; splendid buhl'd do.; splendid buhl'd ladies dressing and jewel cases, work boxes and writing desks; do. gentlemen's shaving and dressing cases; do. do. ink stands; do. do. music stands.

Dissected Maps, Games, &c.; sets of dominos and dice, in carved and plain ivory cases; Pocket books, various; needle and thread cases; Wallets.

Backgammon Boards, complete.

Draft Boards. Elegant carved chessmen Chinese puzzles; Scissors, Penknives.

Elegant London scrap books and albums.

Port Folios; boxes of toys, &c.

Black Lines, for writing; plain albums; screen handles; Gold bulls and feet; gold edgings, ornaments; paper edgings; fancy papers, great variety; gold and silver paper; Morocco paper; Chinese do.; marble do.; Turkey marble do.; tortoise shell do.; card cases various.

Visiting and Invitation cards; splendid Porcelain, gold bordered, visiting and invitation cards; polished surface do.; plain gilt do.; sketch books; blank books.

Tablets, very pretty, with and without embellishment; sandal wood, bark and carved ivory fans; fancy music tablets.

Fancy music paper.

Music paper; watch papers; large and small pith paper.

Gold and silver liquid, for painting and ruling.

Coloured, cylinder, and plain Tissue paper.

Gold, silver, bronze, &c. in shells, for painting.

Horn, or Formula paper; tracing paper.

Gold and Silver paper; ornament board, for making card racks, screens, &c.

Elegant embossed Bristol boards, for screens, not made up; drawing papers; Crayon paper.

Water colours, single cakes, and in boxes.

Sable and camel's hair pencils.

Ivory paper; miniture frames; Ivories, for miniatures.

Elegant gold bordered porcelain tablets.

The Lord's Prayer and Commandments, elegantly printed in gold and silver, on porcelain boards.

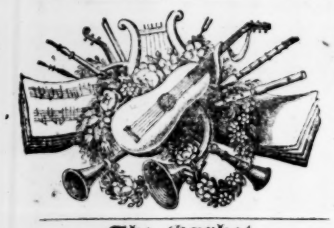
Elegant bordered display bills, for shop windows, &c.

Cologne Water, Genuine Farina, warranted, lavender, honey, rose, orange, flower, bay, and Florida Water; musk scented lavender; Esprit de rose; extracts of rose, lavender, bergamot, lemon, &c.; antique and Macassar oil; Bears grease; Rowland's Kalydor; milk of roses; pearl powder; Rouge; tooth powder; shaving soap; otto of rose soap; small prints and drawings of birds, shells, landscapes, &c. for scrap books, tables, &c.; Caricatures, humourous and sporting engravings, &c.

Drawing Materials—fine London prepared drawing pencils, for artists, &c. very superior; Brookman and Langdon's and Reeve's do.; L. I. Cohen's prepared pencils; Cunningham's do.; ivory folders; thick card board for painting on spirit colours, assorted, in bottles.

Velvet colours, in boxes, with cups, brushes, &c. complete—boxes of fine chalk pencils.

Best English Camel's hair Pencils—best Sable do.—pencil sticks—Best Camel's hair pencils, with sticks—fine writing pencils, for sign painters, together with a general assortment of all articles for painting



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

QUIN'S SOLILOQUY,

On seeing the embalmed body of Duke Humphrey.

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say;
Embalm the dead—on senseless clay
Rich wine and spices waste—
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
Which I can never taste?
Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle and Bordeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade.
Than Gloster's duke more happy I,
Embalmed alive, old Quin shall die,
A mummy ready made.

COMMUNICATION.

SONNET.

To have a jealous, ugly wife,
In hopeless love to pass one's life;
To sail upon a stormy sea,
Without a hope from death to flee;
Alone through deserts drear to roam
Or in a prison find one's home;
To deal with Yankees, or with Jews,
Or time in ceremonies lose;
In travelling to pass one's days,
Disputing turnpikes, boys, and chaise—
All these are states we well turn evil.
But if in life you wish to know
The climax of all earthly woe,
New-York SANS money is the devil. L.

A PRECAUTION.

Pat Murphy, my footman, desirous to suit,
And so quick on his errands to go;
Had walked till he fairly had worn in his boot
A little round hole at the toe.

Next morning I saw him intently at work;
(I scarcely could ask him for laughter:)
In the heel he was boring a hole with a fork:
"Why, Pat," said I, "what are you after?"

"Faith, master," said he, "you the reason shall know,
The cause I don't wish to conceal:
'Tis to let all the wet that comes in at the toe
Run immediately out at the heel."

THE LAST OF THE JOCKIES.—Buckle is dead! How strangely local is fame! This is an announcement which our readers perceive without emotion; and yet at Tattersall's the sentence sounded heavily, and gave a quiver to hearts that only respond to the reverberation of hoofs and the chinking of guineas. Yes; the news seemed to affect the odds of life for an instant; sweepstakes and handicaps lost their charms. No one backed the favorite; for he who backed so many had done his race and not won, but probably lost all, assuredly his life. His last race was a dead heat. His last weighing machine was the arms of his sable bearers; they had but a small burden; a three years' old would have made light of it. Buckle is no longer on the turf, but under it: instead of his blank waistcoat and white sleeves, or his red vest slashed with yellow, the colors of his glory, he has assumed the church-yard livery—"Grass green, turned up with brown."

Those hands which we have so often seen "making play," whip now in one, now in the other, nicely handling and working the bit; a dazzling sight to see as they scintillated to and fro as he might be coming in easy, or going it hard, are now stretched in stiffened repose by his sides, as quiet as those of the effigy of a crusader cut in stone in a country church-yard. How poor is the fortune of those shandy legs, on the active plying of which so many hundreds of thousands have depended, when greaved with shining leather, and armed with lancing steel, all brilliant for the battle! Alas, alas! the tight little saddle is changed for a coffin pillow; and the gay horsecloth, trimmed with blue, for one of cord, all white. Play or pay, the race is done, the judge is in his box, and the rivals of poor Buckle, ye Chiffneys and Robinsons, may now walk across the course, for a brief space. If an ancient Greek, a winner at Elis, could have been but blessed with a vision of one of our winners at Newmarket or Doncaster, how would he have made the welkin ring with laughter! Could he but have seen little Buckle, for instance; he who has been crowned and double crowned a thousand times; whom the nobles of the land, yea, princes have delighted to honor; whom they have gloried in, coveted, courted, shaken by the hand, clapped on the back, all but bribed! That which makes a jockey mars all other men—Buckle weighed next to nothing; such weight as he had was made by strings, in courtesy called muscle; he was little to dwarfishness; great only in the bow of his legs; it was plain to look at them, that he could grasp in femoral embrace, the biggest colt that was ever dammed; and here was his *forte*; a perfect Flibbertygibbet, his dimensions lay where they were not seen, but felt. Nature had moulded his *os femoris* upon the rib of a horse; and then his feet how a dancing master would have turned up his nose at them! Assuredly he never could have turned out his toes; but then his heels turned out, and his toes met in loving kindness. Buckle could not walk, few real horsemen can; but they can waddle, and so did he. His lower extremities were ridiculous off horseback, but on it they were a bootsful of grace: his face, however, was always, on or off the saddle, venerable, nay, awful, gaunt, hollow, lined eloquent of trials many, long and strong, deep, cunning, alive, quiet, but ready to overwhelm the querist with a rolling glance of unutterable knowledge. Buckle adieu! As Sir Robin Adair eloquently said over the grave of Gen. Belliard, Buckle adieu! The earliest work of art the writer of this remembers, was an admirable Dightonish portrait of Buckle and his master, the incomparable Mellish; admirable likenesses both, and charmingly pregnant with character, life and sport, forming together a most delightful contrast of tall, short—aristocratic, plebian—noble, mean—thorough-bred, under-bred, but small boned—confidence, cunning—high-crowned, jockey-capped—mustachio'd, smug-lipped—graceful, stunted—poplar, pollard in short, nature against art.—*New Monthly Magazine for March.*

NEW ORLEANS, April 24.—EXECUTION OF FERACHE, FERNANDEZ, AND SAURERO.—At an early hour yesterday morning, St. Peter street and all the avenues leading to the prison, were very much crowded. At about twenty minutes past one, the prisoners were brought forth dressed in the habits of the grave. They all looked miserably wretched, but in particular Saurero, who with difficulty could keep his seat—Ferache was the first who ascended the scaffold, and no sooner was he seated, than he rose up again, and lifted up his hands towards heaven, as if in prayer. As soon as he was fixed in his seat, a divine was in attendance upon him, and continued in prayer with him. Fernandez was the next who appeared on the scaffold and took his seat. Saurero was the last to ascend, and was attended by another divine. Every thing being adjusted, the hangman left the scaffold, and the miserable beings, about to appear before their creator, were left alone with their confessors and their comforters, if comfort could possibly reach their souls. After about ten minutes prayer, the signal was given, the drop fell, and the three criminals expiated their offence against the laws of man.

THE LADIES.—Many complaints are lodged with us that the ladies crowd around the members in the Hall and Senate Chamber, in such numbers, in all the charms of bewitching youth and beauty, that their attention is so much attracted toward them that they lose some of their best ideas, and many a good speech has been lost to the world by the magic of the bright eyes of the ladies. Can this be true?—*Penal Pry.*

One Andrew *Hind* man of Richmond, wishing to be *before*-hand, requests all persons to call and settle with him, that he may settle with others ere the comet appears.

Miss F. Kemble will not receive less than £800 for her play of Francis the First. She had £100 from Murrey for the copyright, and she obtains from the theatre one third of £100 every night it is performed, so that 12 nights will give her £400 more; it has already been acted ten times.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—An extraordinary match against time was performed last week by Mr. W. Bolton, a respectable tradesman, of Horncastle, who undertook to drag a cart (and not a very light one) from the Minster-yard, Lincoln, to the Corn-market, Horncastle, a distance of 21 miles, within 12 hours. This Herculean task by a person of the weight of 9 1-2 stone was performed, to the great astonishment of his fellow townsmen, in nine hours and 40 minutes.

A butcher of eminence was lately in company with several ladies at whist, where, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies addressing him, asked, "Pray, sir, what are stakes now?" To which, (thinking of his business) he replied, "Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than a shilling a pound."

A gentleman of this city, the other day speaking to another of having attended the funeral of one of their acquaintance was asked in the usual way of exclamation, "Is he dead?" He replied, "I don't know whether he is dead or not; but at all events, they have *buried him on suspicion.*"

The friend of a well known personage having expressed his astonishment at the latter's apparent intimacy with certain individuals of not equivocal character. "Yes," said the wit; I always take a knave by the hand, to prevent him from putting it into my pocket."

A DANDY OUTWITTED.—A dandy in Broadway a few mornings since, accosted the old bell man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" Yes jump in, jump in."

The *comet* is about making his *début*—some persons suppose he will make a *hit*—he is a very *attractive* performer, and has long been considered as a sort of *star*. This is *theatrical*, but not *the Attic all.*

A countryman went to a celebrated dentist for relief, and never having encountered so formidable a business before, he stood up and opened his noble country mouth as wide as a mill-door. The operator eyed him, as if afraid of being swallowed alive, and said, "We always stand outside, sir."

Johnny, where's my razor, (bawled an Eastern shoreman, as he stood before the looking-glass duly prepared for the operation of shaving.) "Why, daddy, I've just been opening oysters with it." "Well, tarnation take the boy, run and rub it on a brick bat, and by gosh if ever you do the like again, if you shan't grind it."

"A CARAVAN."—Speaking of a menagerie of living animals, now in Hartford, the editor of the Connecticut Mirror observes: "No one who looks at all these creatures, we may presume, will prefer such a request as we once heard addressed to the keeper of a menagerie: 'Well, now 'Square, I've seen your Elephant, your lion, and your monkeys, and so forth—now where's your *caravan?*' Exactly, yes—I want to take a look at *him!*"

ANGLING.

There are times and seasons, writes a correspondent of *Bell's Life in London*, when the most experienced sportsmen in the art of fly-fishing are foiled, and find it impossible, with all their craft and ingenuity, to take a single brace of trout with the fly. This is owing to several causes, which I will endeavor to explain; the principal is, heavy falls of rains, by which the streams and pools become clouded, so that the fish cannot see the flies playing on the surface; a second is an east or north-east wind, and though there is scarce wind enough to cause a ripple on the water, or *vice versa*, still very few fish are taken when the wind is in this quarter, though I have known exceptions. I recollect once, in particular, when it was blowing a complete gale from the eastward, and I caught three or four brace of the finest fish I ever caught in my life, though this is seldom the case. If the fish should refuse the fly in the usual way, I would recommend to my brother sportsmen to sink the fly about mid-water and draw it gently towards him. In this way I have often taken them when they would not touch it on the top. A third cause is a cloudless day, with no wind stirring; and this is easily accounted for, (unless the water be very deep,) the constant motion of the rod, and the continual falling of the line on the water, (let a person cast it ever so lightly,) are sure to be discovered to the quick-eyed trout. When either of these cases occur, I do not consider it at all unfair or unsportsmanlike to use a ground bait, though perhaps many will differ with me in this respect. I have known several gentlemen who have very much censured the use of anything beside flies, and yet I have often detected them using ground baits. Their general excuse is, that they confine take them with a fly, and that they particularly want a brace or two. I have another reason for supposing it not unfair to occasionally use a ground bait, and it is this. Let any sportsman picture to himself a large trout, playing before him, and after having tried both natural and artificial flies, and it should refuse them all, would he like to give up the chance of a glorious struggle, tackle against capture? I should say, no. And now for a description of two or three of the principal baits with which I am acquainted. In the first part of the season I should recommend the brandling as the most likely of any bait, especially if the water be a little clouded. The next I would recommend is the cadis. Put on a pair of wings of a dark color, in the same manner as you would put them on for a fly; then run the hook through the head and out of the tail of the first cadis, and through the head of the second; this is a very excellent bait, especially for large fish. The gentle may be used in the same way. The most killing bait with which I am acquainted, in its season, is the body of the white butterfly, to use which you should put on a single shot close to the hook. After having taken off the wings, run the hook in at the head and out of the tail, and if there be trout within sight of the bait and you take particular care to keep out of sight, I think it is ten to one you will hook it. There is another thing I have found them take when they have refused all other, the caterpillar: take a hook (No. 6 or 7,) and after having tied it on, bind a piece of green worsted over it, and use it in the same way you would a fly. I have killed many large fish with this when the river is calm and unruffled.

SALMON, that most famous of all fish in the Epicurean world is yet so scarce as to command a dollar per pound. Shad are sold at a more reasonable rate, but are not plenty in the market. Cucumbers have brought a dollar apiece. All other good things seem to be indefinitely postponed as they say in Legislative assemblies and mint julips are as scarce as fresh air in dog days.—*Gotham.*

Mr. Robert Beck, of Loweswater, killed a trout (*Salmo salvelin*), in Crummock Lake, on the 2d instant, which weighed upwards of six pounds and a half. It was captured with a rod and artificial fly, and is supposed to be the largest ever caught in that lake with this deceptive bait.

STILL HUNTING DEER IN THE WEST.

The falling of the scared leaf, about the 20th of October, is the signal. From ten to fifteen of those who delight in this manly, healthful, invigorating sport, make up a party, who move into the wilderness, most "secluded from the haunts of men," some thirty or forty miles off, with spacious tents for covering, and whatever else in store, experience has found out to give it cheer.

The camp is struck on the bank of some clear stream, and whatever can be done to make the quarters comfortable, is first attended to. Night is usually pressing on, bringing with it the blazing fire, the oft recounted tales of former times, and visions of following wide-branching antlers, and all their bright accompanying honors. Before dawn, the bracing cup of coffee is served; and if luckily the morning favors, with frost or mist, a noon's repast on venison, is certain.

As soon as it is fairly light, each one ascends the hills on foot, a different course; if not, as sometimes, paired. Slowly moving on with elastic, noiseless tread, he scrutinizes every spot in view; still more cautiously he looks into the "heads of hollows," ever and anon, stopping on commanding ground, with parted lips, to listen for the crackling of a twig, or the rustling of a leaf. Thus the too incautious "yearlings" are often caught ungnardedly feeding, and sometimes asleep! They fall an easy and inglorious prey.

The blue doe, a higher prize, is seen capering over the hills, stopping, and beating off her fawns, and inquisitively looking back again. It is a delightful feat, thus in her gambols to shoot her down, and reloading quick as lightning to kill the astounded fawns—and not even then relaxing, but quick to pursue again, perchance to cap the climax, and waiting on her scented drag, with fluttering heart, but well disciplined nerve, possibly to see the proud buck come loping heading on, maddened with lust up to the very muzzle of your gun and pour the fatal charge into his breast.

An old buck, with four or five points to his beams, is seldom killed except in his amorous pursuits—never by a junior sportsman. Those longer taught, who know the kind of ground he seeks for covert, and will follow fearlessly the arduous ways master him thus:—Moving through the roughest copse with breathless caution and against the wind, (for his nostrils are always op'd to catch the "tainted gale,") you hear him on the slightest suspicion, burst from his lair, and soon his tail is seen, as he bounds along. Follow him then at full speed, regardless of noise or obstacles, if you wish to see him more. He cannot hear when running—does not run faster at first breaking, unless he has seen you, than a man can for a little way, keep pace; and he is certain on the first ascending ground, to stop and look back to satisfy himself; of which the declining, switching motion of his tail gives warning. You are sometimes closer to him than when you started; shoot quick, and with your breath suspended, you will not be agitated for the instant. Mark well the spot where he stood—an essential art—the deadliest shot rarely knocks down at once. Load up again, and move straight to the spot; if struck, the hair will show, and the blood soon follows. Pursue the trail for a short distance, but unless very free, *hie* into camp, *halloa* the hounds, *blow* in the hunters—"Saddle up!"

The following description of a Still or "True Hunter's" dress, is from the pen of Audubon.

"His dress consists of a leather hunting shirt, and a pair of trowsers of the same material. His feet are well moccasoned; he wears a belt round his waist; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder; on one side hangs his ball pouch, surmounted by the horn of an ancient buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same trap, and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust thro' his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step, that probably few men could follow him unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge of the course most likely to lead him to the game."—*Sport. Mag.*

The following beautiful lines were written by Sir Walter Scott and appear in the Lady of the Lake:—

THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary in his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and blood hound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or make it, as the sunbeams crawl
Inch after inch, along the wall;
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a half of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew,
A blithsome welcome, blithly meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wings of glee,
That life is lost to love and me.

COUGAR HUNTING,

IN NEW-YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA.

Concluded.

It is when a Cougar has become old, and its claws, teeth, and energies are failing, and can no longer successfully follow wild animals, that it will venture near dwellings for food, or attack mankind.—An instance of this kind occurred a few years since in the northern part of this state. A woman who was gathering beans from a small patch of ground in front of a log-house, which had just been built in an uncultivated spot, was so teased by the barking of a small dog, which usually remained about the house, that she turned around to chide and drive it away, when to her dismay, she saw, sitting on a large stump, a Cougar, which had been kept in that position by the little guardian dog, from springing at and destroying an infant, that was sitting on the ground within twenty feet of the monster. The unconscious mother had placed her child there, while she completed her work; but on the discovery of the danger it was in, ran and caught it up, and conveyed it to the house, and closed the door; and the last she heard of the beast, was the distant barking of the small dog, which, however, soon ceased entirely. At dinner hour, the husband returned from his work, and having with him his rifle and large dog, (which were always his companions, when absent from home,) without delay went in pursuit of the monster, so soon as the above circumstances were made known to him, and after following for more than two miles, came up with and shot it,—and hearing nothing more of the little dog, curiosity led him to open the Cougar, in which he found the remains of the little animal which saved the life of his child.

Another anecdote is related of a man that was cutting timber several miles from his dwelling, who as the sun was declining, left his work to return home. He had proceeded only a short distance, when he saw in the snow, which was a foot deep, the tracks of a Cougar, which had, during that day, and while he was at work, crossed the path which led to his house. Having his rifle, and the sun being yet above the horizon, he concluded to follow the track in hopes of suprising and killing the animal before dark; he however was not a little surprised, to find that the enemy had made a short, circuitous route, round him, while chopping wood, and crouched itself on a fallen tree, within thirty yards of him, where it had been watching until his departure. But his suprise was still greater, when on pursuing the track further, to find, that the animal had proceeded up to the spot where he had been at work, and which he had left but a minute or two previous. This daunted the hunter, and he made the best of his way home, as he was convinced that the Cougar was after him. Next morning, however, being joined by several hunters and dogs, he went in pursuit and finally overtook and killed his antagonist,—which proved to be an old, male Cougar, whose teeth and claws were worn out, and which evidently did not possess energy sufficient to make an attack on the man.

A DAY'S SHOOTING.—Two gentlemen left Philadelphia on the 22d of March last, at half past 6 o'clock, in the morning, on a snipe-shooting excursion, and drove 23 miles—commenced shooting at half past 12, and bagged 86 snipe that afternoon.

T. P. G.	50
A. C. L.	36

Sport. Mag.

HUNTING BY STEAM.—A friend of mine startled me a little by declaring, that he occasionally took the same horse ninety miles to cover, and after a day's hunting, brought his horse a like distance. "Unless you hunt by steam," I exclaimed, "it is impossible!" "Why," says he, "that's the whole secret; I go with my horse on board the steamer at Quebec, and reach Trois Riviere in good time to breakfast, hunt with my father-in-law, who keeps a pack, and return to Quebec by the afternoon boat."—*Ferguson's Notes.*

PRICE OF HOUNDS.—Thirty years ago Sir Richard Puleston sold his to the Duke of Bedford for 700 guineas, and fifteen years since, Mr. Cubit's were sold to Lord Middleton for 1,200 guineas. A well-known good pack will, in these times, bad as they are, command a thousand guineas. Those of Mr. Wade, Lord Tavistock, Mr. Nichols, and Sir Richard Sutton have been sold for that sum within the last few years. But a very short time since Mr. Osbaldeston sold ten couples of hounds for the same sum to Lord Middleton, and we have reasons to believe he has hounds in his kennel for which he would not take 200 guineas a piece. Knowing all this, one can make every allowance for the angry feelings of their owners when they see the chance of their being ridden over and destroyed in the chase. Good hounds are not easily replaced, and it is on this account that in hard-riding counties, and where the covers are small, seldom more than sixteen or seventeen couple form a pack.—*Quarterly Review.*

HUNTING PARK COURSE.

The spring season commenced on Tuesday last. But two horses, Sally Miller and Top Gallant appeared to contest the purse for the two mile heats, and the desparity between these was so obvious that but little interest was excited. Even the warmest admirers of old Top admitted that in short heats the mare had a decided advantage, and of course there was but little betting. At large odds there were a few takers.

At a few minutes after one the horses started. Top as usual backed by Woodruff, and Sally by her trainer, Vanderbelt. In leaving the score the old horse had the track, but almost immediately broke up, which enabled the mare to take the lead and she held it handsomely throughout the heat with no apparent exertion. Time 3 m. 32s.

In the second heat Sally of course had the track, and she led off in a style which left no hope for betters on Top Gallant. He did not approach her once during the heat. So perfectly satisfied was Vanderbelt of his superior chances that in beginning the second mile he coolly laid the reins on Sally's neck, took off his coat and threw it aside with as much ease as if he had been standing on *terra firma*. During this operation the mare never altered her gait, "but kept due on, like the Propontic or the Hellespont," though without the turbulence of either. She is in truth the quietest, surest, most accurate trotter we have ever seen and for her own distance may be matched against the world. Time 5m. 29s.

Top Gallant, though apparently in excellent condition, behave badly during the whole of this trot. From the begining to the close his performance was a series of breaks, which threw him so far behind that the interest of the sport was materially lessened, if not entirely destroyed. An unusual concourse of spectators was present, and it must be confessed that much disappointment was felt and expressed at the unsatisfactory character of the trotting, especially as the heat and dust made the journey to the course a most painful exertion.

On Tuesday evening we had the wind from the east, accompanied with heavy rain, torrents of which fell throughout the night and part of Wednesday morning. Though getting ducked is certainly pleasanter than being both choked and blinded by pulverized dirt, it is not a thing to be prayed for, nor is it much relished even by sportsmen, some of whom looked quite as gloomy as the sky which caused their disquiet. Notwithstanding this unfavorable indication, and the disappointment of the preceding day, the number who resorted to the course on Wednesday seemed to have suffered no diminution. They were amply compensated for all their pains and misgivings.

About 2 1-2 P. M. *Columbus, Sweet Briar, Whalebone* and *Lady Jackson*, rode by P. Whelen, I. Hammell, Jr. Woodruff, and Vanderbelt, in the order in which they are named, made their appearance, and soon after the three mile heats for the association's purse of $300 commenced; Columbus was the favorite, and odds were given on him from the start against the field.

The first heat was well contested. All the horses were in good order, but though they behaved gallantly it was all for nothing, for in coming out at the close of the third race Columbus who was slightly in advance of Sweet Briar broke, and his rider, fearing that he must inevitably lose the heat, brought him across the track of the latter so as to arrest his progress, and thus came out, still keeping the lead. This was very properly pronounced foul riding, but the Judges in consideration of the youth and inexperience of the rider, and by the consent, we presume, of the other parties concerned, agreed it should be deemed a *dead heat.*

Being thus breathed, after a reasonable interval the horses started afresh; and the rare excellence of this heat made full amends for all previous disappointment. The first mile was beautifully done by all of them; the second was the very perfection of trotting. We do not mean in mere speed, but in the closeness of the competition. There they were—Sweet Briar and Columbus,—fairly lapped—neck and neck so nicely and critically placed, that none but a Jew's eye could have distinguished which had the advntage. Following, and pushing hard upon them, came Lady Jackson and Whalebone, engaged in precisely similar rivalry, and vieing so zealously that there was not a pin's choice between them. Had their manes been entertwined, and their noses adjusted by line and rule, they could not have kept more evenly together. To say that both the riders and horses were covered by a blanket is nothing; each could put his hand easily into the other's pocket, and help himself to whatever of its contents might happen to please his fancy. This equality, at once so interesting, so exciting, and so gratifying, continued until near the close of the third mile, when Sweet Briar of the first couple, and Whalebone of the second, both gained on their respective antagonists, and held the advantage. Sweet Briar took the heat, in 8min. 37 sec.

The third was bravely done. Columbus and Sweet Briar led the others, and required them to work so hard that Lady Jackson gave out and was distanced. Whalebone saved his handsomely; Columbus, not without difficulty, succeeded in taking the heat, in 8 min. 30sec. In approaching the goal, his rider finding that he must beat, dropped his reins, and turned round in his saddle, coolly beckoned to those behind to come on. This little piece of by-play was managed so archly, that he was restored to the favor he had forfeited by his trickery in the outset.

The fourth heat, though not equal to the second, was full of interest. There was much variety of opinion as to the result, and some even bets were made on Columbus and Sweet Briar. Towards the close the latter had a clear advantage but before reaching the goal he broke, and Columbus, who was already close at his heels, was not long in getting before him, thus winning the purse, after an arduous and often times doubtful struggle. Time of this heat, 8min. 37 sec.

This was an excellent trot. The field of horses, though small in number, was well chosen, and they proved to be more than usually matches. Excepting the little violation of rule in the first heat, every thing was just as it should be; and both riders and horses are entitled to great credit. Sweet Briar, though he lost the purse, has gained a higher character than he ever before maintained, and he well deserves it. His capacity have not until now been fully understood. Columbus, as winner, of course sustained himself; and Whalebone, though not acquitting himself as well as formerly, suffers nothing in the estimation of his friends who find abundant satisfactory explanation of the causes. Lady Jackson was taken off from prudential motives, as it was feared she might be over wrought, and thus a relapse of her old complaint be occasioned.

In closing this vague attempt at description of what happened, we take pleasure in recording our full conviction that no improprieties of any kind occurred which would justify the fierce denunciations with which the course has been visited.

Every thing was quiet, orderly and peaceable, and we, at least, saw none of those evils which some over refined moralists so feelingly deprecate.—*Phil. Saturday Cour.*

TREE-HILL RACES.

FIRST DAY.—The Stallion Stakes were won by a Tuscon colt, betting a Contention, Medley, Gohanna, and Arab. Time—1st heat 1m. 56s.; second heat, 1m. 55s.

SECOND DAY.—Yesterday were run over this course, two races—one a sweepstake, for three years old, mile heats, entrance $100, half forfeit—the other, two mile heats, for the proprietor's purse, $300.

The day was rainy, as had been the night previous, and the course, which is always a slow one, was made deep in mud and water. From the number of strangers in town, who had come to attend the races, the course was well attended, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, and never were the lovers of good racing more amply repaid for any inconvenience they might have suffered on that cause. For the sweepstake there were five entries—two paid forfeit a Gohanna colt entered by Dr. Johnson, and a Gohanna colt entered by Mr. Peter Lyons. The race was won in two heats by Mr. Minge's filly, apparently with ease.

Wm. Minge's Contention filly,	1 1
Henry Talman's Spring Hill colt,	2 2

Time—1st heat, 2m.—2d heat, 2m. 3s.

A. M. Harrison's Hotspur colt, fell and distanced.

Just at the instant of starting for the first heat, Mr. Harrison's colt slipped or stumbled, and very nearly fell headlong. The rider was thrown flat on his back in front of the colt, and for an instant great apprehension was felt for the boy's life. The colt however recovered, cleared the boy, (who was not at all hurt,) pursued the Contention filly, passed ahead within the first quarter, and keeping the track throughout, came in about two lengths ahead, received by cheers from by-standers. All regretted that so fine a run should have been in vain, as he was distanced by the rules of the course.

For the proprietor's purse there were eight entries; One was drawn, (Mr. John Minge's black horse Gen. Brooke, by Sir Archy,) in consequence as we understood, of the danger of the track. The following were the horses that started:

John P. White's c. h. Rapid, by Rattler, 4 years old.

Thomas Doswell's b. g. Bayard, 6 years old, by Trojan.

O. P. Hare's Betsey Hare, by Contention, 4 years old.

J. M. Selden's c. m. Zatilla, by Sir Henry, 4 years old.

W. R. Johnson's b. h. Nullifier, by Eclipse, 4 years old.

James Garrison's Raw Galley, by Arab, 4 years old.

James J. Harrison's s. h. Goliah, by Eclipse, 5 years old.

This was decidedly the most doubtful and best contested race we ever witnessed. Before starting, Bayard was the favorite, and bets were op him against the field—in some instances even, but more generally four to three on the field. The first was a dead heat between Bayard and Goliah, although one jump further would have given the heat to Goliah, and it was very evident that he missed taking it, by his rider's injudiciously attempting to pass Bayard on his inner track, when more than half way down the quarter stretch, which was cunningly evaded by his leading antagonist's bearing in the same direction, and leaving no room to pass, thus compelling him to change his direction. The result of this heat left the backers of Bayard rather down in the mouth, and bets took an entire new turn. Goliah was now the favorite.

Time—1m. 1s.

On coming to the starting pole for another trial, Zatilla and Raw Galley were drawn.—There were still five competitors, showing a determined front. The heat was contested between Goliah and Betsey Hare, and won by the former by a few lengths—Nullifier and Bayard running to fall in their distance. Rapid was distanced. Goliah still the favorite, and few believe bets were now made on him against the field.

Time—1m. 0s.

For the third heat, four started—Bayard pushed for the heat, closely followed by Nullifier. Goliah was held back, and made no attempt to take the heat; in fact, he barely saved his distance. This heat was taken by Bayard, beating Nullifier a few lengths. Betsey Hare was distanced.

Time—1m. 4s.

Betting was now better shelter. Goliah was evidently in disgrace. Even the most knowing appeared utterly at fault.—The friends of the *peau chevalier* again held up their heads. Although it was apparent to all that Goliah made no push for the heat, yet he first come out a little too near the distance stand not to alarm his backers, and there was evidently a shyness in his friends.

The contest was now reduced to three. One of which, Nullifier, had as yet taken no heat, but on the other hand, he had not at any period of the race been hard pushed, and beside, his owner's name was a tower of strength. Bayard took the track—Nullifier close at his heels. Goliah at the end of the first half mile sixty yards behind. Down the quarter stretch the two first, locked. Goliah where he was; and now they are on the back of the course, half round the second mile—Bayard and Nullifier neck and neck. Bayard shot ahead—"Nully can't touch him"—"By Jove he is along side again"—"Hurra, Nully's ahead." They turn into the quarter, stretch nose and tail—no one looks at Goliah—no one thinks of *him*. Here they come, every eye strained upon the two ahead. We were standing directly behind the starting pole. The horses were within two jumps of the goal—Nullifier under whip and spur. We had just ascertained by a hasty glance that the latter was about a neck ahead, when Goliah, whom before we had not noticed since entering the quarter stretch, dashed past like a flash of lightning, and won the heat and the race by a neck. The effect was electrical—surprise and astonishment was depicted on every countenance, and the victor was hailed with repeated deaf ning shouts. Goliah was raised and is owned we believe in New-York. It is said he very much resembles his sire in form, and in this race he has shown good speed, combined with great strength. This is the same horse which last fall ran a match race with, and was beaten by, Bonnets o' Blue, at New-York.

Time—1m. 7s.

THIRD HEAT.—The Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats, was won by Wm. R. Johnson's h. Andrew, by Charles, five years old, in two heats, beating Molly Howell, Sparrowhawk, Maria West, Turk, Sally Hornet, Dolly Dixon, and Mohawk.—*Richmond Whig.*

MELTON MOWBRAY.—The Wednesday after Lord Derby's arrival at Melton, last week, the hounds met at Melton, out compliment to the venerable nobleman. The entire of the gentlemen composing the Belvoir Hunt attended on the occasion, and the scene was altogether most animated and brilliant. The Earl came upon the ground with his daughter, the Countess Wilton, in her pony pheaton. After running to Goadby, a fox was started, which afforded a capital run; and owing to Lady Wilton's skilful driving, and local knowledge of the country she was enabled to delight the Earl with a view of a considerable part of the chase.—*Leicester Journal.*

HIS MAJESTY'S RACING ESTABLISHMENT.—We are informed that his Majesty has granted a pension of £300 per annum, and the use of the stables and apartments in the palace at Newmarket, to Mr. W. Edwards, for life, as a remuneration of past services, as trainer, £100 per annum are also settled on the rider, George Nelson.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATES.—In future the King's Guineas will not be given unless three reputed race-horses start belonging to different parties; this alteration has long been required, and now we shall probably have "fields for these popular prizes, instead of seeing one horse "walk over" for plate after plate, as has been the case for many years past.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

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